

THE MANHATTAN.

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MICHAEL ANGELO AND THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

SOME leveled hills, a wall, a dome
That lords its gilded arch and lies,
While at its base a beggar cries
For bread and dies,
And that is Rome.

Thus Joaquin Miller draws the picture of the City of the Ages. It is the tribute of the hour-glass to eternity. Yet these lines fitly express the thought of the traveler who stands for the first time within the gates of Rome. Though prepared for contrasts, their variety and force will be to him a constant revelation. Here flows the Tiber, mute yet eloquent of the magnificence of the Cæsars. Yonder stands the castle of St. Angelo, epitome of mediæval Rome. The river appears to be the dividing line between two cities; I might almost say two civilizations. Some one has likened the Tiber's bank to the tattered and motley garb of a sorceress. And the comparison holds good, not only in Rome's outward and visible appearances, but in the witchery she exercises over the mind. Yet the full force of the enchantress' art is felt not in the dress of her decrepitude, but in her palaces and churches, where she rejoices in the splendor of an eternal youth. A single structure is a combination of palaces and churches such as there is not in the world besides, and to know this building well is to know Rome itself.

The Vatican has been called a sanctuary of glorious memories. But the silent host which throngs its halls are more than memories; they are the thoughts of their creators, and speak to us of all that is highest in the soul of man. The epochs of pagan antiquity, the origin of Christianity and Byzantine civilization, the struggles of the early middle ages, the ecclesiastical supremacy of the thirteenth

century, the renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth, here pass in review before us. We are lost in the flood of years. Egypt cries from out the mystery of her night, Greece woos us with the loveliness of her goddesses and the wanton joy of fauns and satyrs, Rome withers us with the sculptured frowns of Cæsars.

The development of the "divine city of the Vatican" may be traced through upwards of four centuries. Its five thousand rooms, its twenty courts and two hundred grand staircases, make it a fitting temple for these monuments of the past. Structurally it is in sympathy with the treasures which it contains. As they have been gathered from all ages and nations, so this great mass of buildings has grown under the reign of each succeeding pope until it has reached its present vast proportions. In such triumphs of man over the material and in the domain of the spiritual, we may follow the successive steps of civilization from mediæval night to the full sunlight of the renaissance—apt, indeed, is the word, since a new birth it certainly was—from the most utter degradation of beauty to its apotheosis in sculptured stone and painted canvas. In attempting to raise ourselves to the height of this great argument—if I may so call it—of the Vatican, we must employ the same methods by which we study a written history; namely, the consideration of each period which these treasures represent. Of these periods none appeals more directly to the imagination than the time of Michael Angelo, and that time cannot be better understood than by an examination—as full as the limits of a magazine article permit—of his work in the Sistine Chapel.

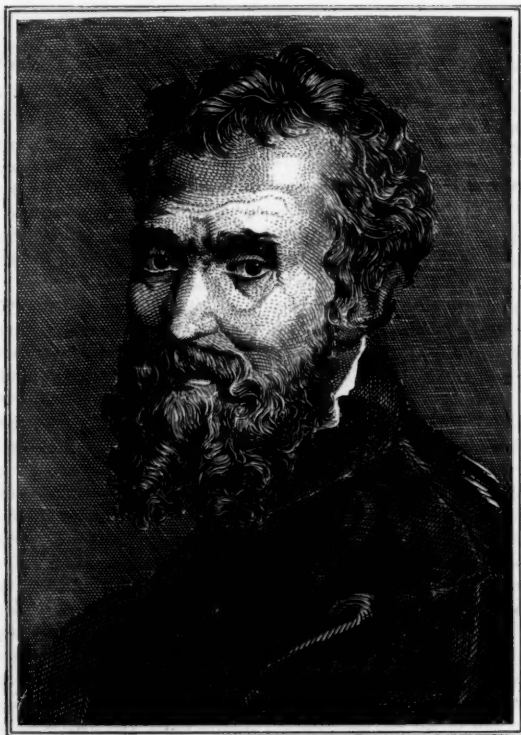
This chapel—one of the five the Vatican

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VOL. I.—No. III.—11.

contains, and which perpetuates the name of the pope who built it—may be called the shrine of Michael Angelo's genius. Here he spent many years of his laborious life, leaving the impress of his mind in the frescoes which adorn the wall behind the altar and the ceiling. The chapel is in direct contrast to the rest of the Vatican. In the Museum and the

beneath the windows are divided into two portions. The lower painted in imitation of drapery was intended to be covered with tapestries executed from the cartoons of Raphael. The upper contains a series of frescoes by artists of the fifteenth century. As the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth are reflected in Dante, so



MICHAEL ANGELO, AFTER THE PORTRAIT SAID TO HAVE BEEN PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

library we are surfeited with splendors. Gorgeous coloring, spectral marbles gleaming against backgrounds of tapestries meet the eye at every turn. But in the Sistine Chapel all is repose. Its simplicity is its strength. It is a long hall, reduced to the four walls, without architectural adornment, with rectangular windows over the frieze. To the right is a tribune half-grated with trellis-work for the choristers. At the end is a very simple altar with four steps. On the right of this is a raised seat for the pope. The walls

the name of Michael Angelo embraces those which follow. In the revival of ancient culture, the struggles of a nation after truth in art and religion, the renaissance came like the sudden burst of spring into blossom and song.

Michael Angelo Buonarrotti—I adopt the common English spelling of his name, though the more correct form, Michel Angelo, is the one now preferred—was born on the tenth of March of the year 1475, four hundred and eight years ago this month. He first saw the light

in the little village of Caprese, near Florence—where his father was podestà or chief magistrate. At the age of six months he was sent to the hills near Arezzo to be nursed by a stone-cutter's wife. Here, as he afterward humorously said, he got his bent toward sculpture. His father had a large family and a small purse, and it was a sore trial when the instincts of his son developed in the direction of Art, which Ludovico, his father, considered the handmaid of poverty. But the strong will which was afterward to be matched against the temper of Pope Julius II. stood the lad in good stead, and at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to Domenico Ghirlandajo and began the formal study of his profession. Here he watched the master at his work on the frescoes of the church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence, and assisted in the mixing of the plaster, and even at that time he was able to draw an exact plan of the scaffolding, which he afterward used in the Sistine Chapel. Vasari gives us a picture of the boy correcting a sketch which Ghirlandajo had drawn, by making his own thick strokes over his master's lines. Clearly the lad soon learned all Ghirlandajo had to teach, and we next hear of him under the patronage of Lorenzo dei Medici. Here he had intercourse with some of the first minds of Italy; Ficino, the high priest of the philosophic academy, Politian, the Medicean laureate, and Savonarola. He made friends with the stone masons in the gardens of San Marco in Florence, and obtained from them a piece of marble and the necessary implements to copy off-hand the antique mask of a faun which was among the ornaments of the garden. The jollity of the face which Angelo had sculptured with the mouth open, showing the teeth, attracted the attention of Lorenzo. "That is a good piece of work, but your faun is old; you should not have given him so many teeth." The next day when the duke passed by he found a gap in the statue's mouth, and so skillfully done that Lorenzo was charmed, and invited the quick-witted pupil to become a member of his household.

There is a fascination in the study of this period of the artist's life. Youth and hope were strong within him. In the treasures of the San Marco gardens his divine mistress, art, unfolded the secrets of her soul. Yet he spent little time in day dreams. Life to him was a purpose; work a necessity. Some one

has said that, "Nothing is more clear than that Michael Angelo worshiped beauty in the Platonic spirit, passing beyond its personal and specific manifestations to the universal and the impersonal. He habitually regarded the loveliness of man or woman as a sign and symbol of eternal beauty." There could scarcely be a greater contrast than that which the figure of Michael Angelo affords beside that of his patron, Lorenzo dei Medici. The latter, while encouraging effort in those about him, devoted himself to writing sonnets to the Ideal and posing for a Platonist. Michael Angelo was no such *poco curante*, basking in beauty like a flower under his warm native skies. His nature was cast in antique moulds. It partook of the heroic spirit of those Goths and Saxons who swept down from the north, and overturned the monuments of ancient Rome. But his was the energy of a creator, not of a destroyer. His mission was to regenerate and set free, not to debase and enslave. As his conceptions seemed almost divine, so was their execution all but superhuman. With fierce strokes of the hammer and chisel he set Truth free, as from a marble prison, rejoicing in the beauty of an immortal life.

After the death of Lorenzo, his son Peter came into power. It is said that his first commission to Angelo was an order for a snow statue. If he thought thus to humble the young artist, he mistook the nature of the man, for, as the story runs, he shaped the snow with as much care as he would have bestowed upon the reluctant marble, working quietly at his task until the statue rose, white and dazzling in the palace court-yard. The master was patient as well as strong, and beside the pitiful figure of Peter he seems like one of his own colossal heroes. After the expulsion of the Medici from Florence, Michael Angelo went to Venice and Bologna. Entering the latter city he was fined and imprisoned for having, through ignorance, failed to obey the law which required all strangers to wear upon their thumbs a seal of red wax. Signor Aldrovandi, a distinguished citizen, came to his relief, and, finding that he was a sculptor, invited him to his house, where he spent his evenings in reading Petrarch and Dante. The influence of this period upon the artist's life appeared many years later in his conception of the Last Judgment. There was something in the vehemence and passion of Dante that found



THE ENTIRE PICTURE OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

an echo in his own soul. "Would to heaven," he one day wrote, "I were such as he, even at the price of such a fate! For his bitter exile and his virtue I would exchange the most fortunate lot in this world!"

We may imagine his emotions when in 1496, at the age of twenty-one, he visited Rome for the first time. So entranced was he with the "beautiful things" of which he writes with a reverence and simplicity that touches us, that he forgot to deliver his letters of introduction, and wandered from temple to palace, from painting to statue, in a transport of delight. This was his first step in his actual life. What he then produced began the series of his masterly works.

The Pietà—a marble group representing the mother of Christ holding the dead body of her son—is the first notable effort of this period. What the Madonna of San Sisto is to painting, this group is to sculpture. Its language is the eloquence of despair. So tenderly does the marble tell its story, that no one can look upon it without feeling that he has received a new revelation of the artist's heart.

From this we may turn to the statue of David, executed after Angelo's return to Florence in 1499. "In the Pietà he suddenly passed from being an esteemed artist," says Grimm, "to be the most famous sculptor in Italy." His native city welcomed her distinguished son with great enthusiasm. For

over a century there had lain in the courtyard of the cathedral a marble block eighteen feet high, weighing eighteen thousand pounds. An artist of the time had attempted to cut out of it a colossal figure for the square in front of the cathedral, but succeeded only in disfiguring the marble, so that no sculptor would touch it until Michael Angelo came and saw in it the glorious possibilities concealed from other eyes. The city gave him two years for the accomplishment of this design, and he began it in 1502, giving himself hardly any rest by night or day. Indeed, we are told that he often lay down at night with his clothes on, so that he might begin his task early the following morning. The quick blows of the chisel resounded through the stillness, for he would have no one with him, but fought single-handed and alone with the white mystery. When he slept, his dreams were filled with the one vision. By day, he worked with a fury which Vasari has described as superhuman. The chips from the marble fell round him like flakes of snow. It is a thrilling picture this, which has come down to us, symbolic of the master's life, which was one long struggle with trial and disappointment, yet out of which he chiseled the triumph of hope over despair. In January, 1504, the statue was completed, and stood unveiled before the eyes of Florence. So completely had Michael Angelo used the whole block, that on the head of the statue a little piece of the natural crust of the rough stone remained visible. The immense size of the statue may be appreciated by mentioning that it took the strength of forty men, and machinery, to swing it into place.

The figure of David, which Angelo thus carved, stands on one foot, the other slightly advanced. The right arm, in the hand of which lies a sling, falls in natural repose by his side. The left is raised in front of the chest, as if he were going to place a stone in the sling. He is entirely naked, a colossal figure of a youth about sixteen years old. This is the David who has slain the lion and the bear, and pauses thus a moment before attacking his human foe. Here is no vulgar conception of bravery—which sounds a trumpet and flings itself into the thickest of the fight—rather, a representation of majestic courage, to which fear is unknown. Pure, youthful beauty beams from the limbs. We bow before this high conception of the ideal human. Such a form seems to realize the

divine thought—a fit temple for the image of its creator.

Vasari tells us that when the David was first unveiled, a would-be critic and a man of distinction in the city, after eying the statue for some moments, declared it as his opinion, that "the nose was too large." "You have a wonderful artistic instinct, Signor," said Michael Angelo. "I must remedy such a defect at once," and with much solemnity, he picked up some marble-dust and put it around the offending feature. Then, with his chisel, he made a few swift strokes, displacing the dust and giving the critic the impression that he had cut the marble. "That makes a different face of it," was the enthusiastic comment. "Ah, Signor, I owe the perfection of my statue to you," replied Angelo, gravely—"accept its gratitude and mine."

In 1505, the sculptor went again to Rome, and it was at this time that the intimacy between himself and Pope Julius II. begins. History gives us a rare picture in the friendship of these two men. If the pope was haughty, imperious and wilful, so was the sculptor. Nature had made them so much alike in disposition, that we are sometimes puzzled to know who is the master and who the servant. The pope wanted a great mausoleum. He asked Michael Angelo how much it would cost. "A hundred thousand crowns," suggested the sculptor. "Let us say two hundred thousand," exclaimed the pope, at the same time giving him the commission. The next three years were a succession of disappointments to the eager young artist. He went to Carrara to superintend the quarrying of the marble, and was there eight months, directing the workmen, and in his impatience, often seizing the tools himself and trying their temper on the stubborn rock. He even went beyond the pope in his aspirations. A rock, which, rising on the coast of Carrara, is visible far out to sea, he wished to transform into a colossus, to serve as a mark to mariners. There is something god-like in this redundant force which would people the world with a race of giants like himself. When he returned to Rome, after his exile, he was ready for anything. The mausoleum should be an epic in stone. Already he saw the angelic forms which had been his only companions in those solitary days among the hills—Cielo and Cybele—crowning the marble pile. These should bear upon their shoulders an open sarcophagus,

with the figure of the pope falling into the sleep of death; Cybele, the genius of earth, weeping because the earth has lost such a man; Cielo, the heaven, smiling because the happy one falls into rapture on his entrance.

But alas for the poet who serves common clay! It was hinted to the pope by Bramante, his architect, the uncle of Raphael and enemy of Angelo, that this materialization of death-angels, and preparation for what should be considered a remote contin-

gency, is very unlucky. What if the subject of so much work should die after it was finished—as indeed nothing would be more likely. It was tempting the fates to make a man's tomb in his lifetime. The holy father was not proof against these suggestions. He refused to give Angelo the money to carry on the work. The next picture we have is the sculptor turning from the palace gate, where he has been denied admittance by the pope's orders. "I was this morning driven from the palace by the order of your Holiness; if you require me in the future, you can seek me elsewhere than in Rome." Such was the burning message which he sent to the pope.

Then mounting his horse, he rode fast and furiously out of the city, not drawing rein until he reached Florence. No sooner had the sculptor gone, than the pope repents him of his treatment of his favorite. Messengers were dispatched to beg him to return. Angelo responded to their entreaties, that he had been driven like a criminal from his Holiness' presence, that he considered himself released from his engagement, and had no desire to enter upon others. The pope sent three briefs, in as many days, to Florence, the first declaring pardon and amnesty to the artist, the second war to the Republic, the third announced that if Michael Angelo failed to set out for Rome within twenty-four hours, the Florentines would all be excom-

municated. To these Michael Angelo exclaimed that he would rather build bridges for the Sultan of Turkey, than churches for the Pope of Rome. The story of the reconciliation is an amusing climax to an interesting quarrel. Yielding to the fright of the Florentines, and the dictates of his own heart—for Angelo loved the old man—he presented himself before him at Bologna. Julius sat at table in the government palace. When he saw the sculptor, he put on an appearance of

majestic wrath. "You have waited thus long, it seems, till we ourselves should come to seek you." Kneeling before him, Angelo begged his Holiness to pardon him. He had remained away because he had felt himself offended. At this, Julius looked gloomily down, no doubt wishing to relent, but not knowing how to do so and preserve his own dignity. Some one standing by here interposed. "Do not measure his faults too severely, your Holiness. Michael Angelo is a man of no education. Artists never know how to behave, except where their own art



CHRIST, SITTING AS JUDGE, AND HIS MOTHER.

is concerned, they are all alike." At this, the pope turned furiously upon the speaker. "How dare you say things to this man which I would not have said to him myself! You yourself are a man of no education—a miserable fellow. Out of my sight with your awkwardness!" Then extending his hand to Michael Angelo, he graciously pardoned him, while the twinkle in his eye gave token of the appreciation of his joke.

After all, the monument was erected subsequently to Julius' death, though not according to Angelo's complete design, and not in St. Peter's Cathedral as was originally intended, but in the Church of St. Peter in Vincoli, in Rome. Here, forming part of the monument, and carved for it, is Angelo's statue of Moses, a piece of sculpture which may without extravagance be called sublime.

The expression, air and attitude of the figure combine to form a grand personification of the Law-giver of the Hebrews. He sits giant-like, and in his countenance is a dignified sternness of expression ;

while language seems to start
From his prompt lips, and we his precepts own.

But it is to the superstition of Julius that the

was not to his taste, he was a sculptor. "It is my pleasure," thundered the pope, and the artist having no desire for a second quarrel, yielded. He ordered the scaffolding Bramante had prepared for the work, to be taken down, and constructed one in its place modeled after that used by Ghirlandajo—which he had copied when a boy—a marvel of lightness



world owes the masterpieces of the Sistine Chapel. As Bramante had discouraged Julius from finishing the Mausoleum, the active old man must devise new plans for keeping his artist employed. "Why not decorate the ceiling of your chapel with frescos?" suggested the wily architect, thinking that this would be a capital way in which to humiliate his rival. In vain did Michael Angelo protest against the commands of the pope. Such a work

and strength. At first he employed artists from Florence to help him in mixing the plaster and preparing the colors. One morning these came as usual, but found the chapel doors locked. This was as much as to say that the master would be alone with his work, as he had wrestled alone with the misshapen block of marble for his David.

But he could not so easily get rid of the pope. Julius came and went as he chose, asking questions, pressing him to make haste, scolding and encouraging in the same breath. In the autumn of 1509, ten months after beginning it, half of the ceiling was finished. Such an achievement seems little less than a miracle. When the artist hesitated about having the chapel opened to the public, Julius exclaimed, "You seem desirous that I should have you thrown from this scaffolding." And Angelo felt that it was safer to accede to the pope's request. The savage earnestness of the time is lightened here and there by flashes of fun, such as could not but result from the attrition of two such minds. Once the pope complained that there was not enough gilding and brilliant coloring in the draperies of the figures. "Holy Father," quickly responded Angelo, "the men whom I have painted required no rich nor gilded clothing. They chose the poverty, and despised this world's splendors." In one of the sonnets which he wrote at this time, he describes with a grim humor which has a touch of pathos in it, his condition while at work on these frescos. He was obliged to be for days upon his back, holding his brush above his head, and for a long time afterward, he had to take this position when he wished to read anything. In 1512, the other half of the ceiling was completed, the entire work having taken but twenty months for its execution.

At the present day these frescos are injured by the smoke of censers and the dust of three centuries, but they will ever be among the most wonderful creations of modern painting. Michael Angelo reveals himself here as an architect in construction, a sculptor in form, and a poet in imagination. He divides the ceiling into eight frescos, alternately wide and narrow, representing the principal scenes of Genesis, from the creation to the deluge. Surrounding these are prophets and sibyls, who announce the coming of the Messiah. In the four corner spaces are the Brazen Serpent, Goliath, Judith and

Esther, signifying the fourfold redemption of Israel. On the window arches are the ancestors of Mary, silently awaiting the coming of Christ. In addition to these are colossal slaves and caryatid-like figures which support the edge of the cornice, and between the arches of the vaulting a series of medallions, with figures upon them, seven or eight feet in height. Yet all this inspired host may be taken in by the spectator in one radiant vision, so cunningly has the artist interposed architectural distances, filling spaces between the figures with masses of sky, through which the rapt faces gaze as from the gates of Heaven. We are struck in all these representations by what John Ruskin calls "the expression of power in visible action." Michael Angelo seizes the decisive moment to transfer his figures to the ceiling. The prophets and the sibyls, strange creatures, neither human nor divine, brood over this tumultuous throng, silent, watchful, seeing through the gloom of Chaos the first lines of that dawn which shall usher in the day of man's redemption. There is no doubt nor dread displayed in the choice or treatment of the subject. Here is the Almighty, dividing the light from the darkness; the creation of the sun and moon, the creation of man. And this climax is reached by a series of exultant flights which leave the spectator faint and dizzy upon the height, whither the genius of the master has carried him. In the creation of man, Michael Angelo takes the awful moment when God bestows life upon the first man. Adam lies upon a dark mountain summit with hand outstretched toward the Creator, who hovers near him supported by angels. There is wonderful power in the pose of Adam—the naked limbs so grandly proportioned, yet not conscious of their strength; the head, in which thought has just dawned, the drooping arm and hand, which seems as if it might fall before it receives the life-giving touch. There is a mystery in the face, something which is too solemn for grief, too tender for joy—more like the wonder in the child's eyes when he first wakes from sleep, and tries to recall his thoughts from dream-land. By the languor of this form, the terrible force of the Creator is thrown into strong relief. Such a daring antithesis is the best illustration of the artist's power. Grimm thus describes the figure of the Almighty: "Angel forms surround him on every side,

closely thronging round him as if they were bearing him; and his mantle, as if swelled out by a full gust of wind, forms a glowing tent around them all. These children are angels in appearance, with lovely counte-

hair and beard, expresses so completely the majesty of which it is to be the image; that here, for the first time, there is nothing strange to me in the sight of the Most High, appearing in human form."



MOSES AND ST. PETER LEADING PROPHETS AND APOSTLES.

nances; some support him from below, others look over his shoulder. More wonderful still than the mantle which embraces them, is the garment which covers the form of God himself, violet-gray drapery, transparent as if woven out of clouds, closely surrounding the mighty and beautiful form with its small folds, covering him entirely down to the knees, and yet allowing every muscle to appear through it. I have never seen the portrait of a human body which equaled the beauty of this. The head with its thick, white

There is a directness and simplicity in Michael Angelo's methods which are nowhere better seen than in these frescos. The horror of the Judith gains upon you insensibly. At the first glance you see only the outline of the legend—the figure of Holofernes lying on a bed—Judith coming from the tent with a cloth to cover the head which the maid bears upon a dish. You look again and see a warrior asleep in the shadow of the tent, showing that it was night when the deed was done. The mighty limbs of Holofernes—

already stiffening in death—in the plenitude of their power, appeal for pity, that such strength should be overcome by one weak woman's arm. Judith herself, though with her back turned toward us, adds the final touch to the thrilling picture. She is about to shut from her sight the ghastly head, when suddenly she stops—what if her victim should wake! The terror of the thought compels her to look within the tent; and we may almost see the shudder which passes through her frame as she beholds there in the prostrate form the horrid completeness of her work.

In these frescos, finished when the artist was but thirty-seven years old, and those of the Last Judgment, begun in his sixtieth year and taking eight years for their execution, we see the grand achievements of his youth and age. In the vigor of his powers it is natural that he should have chosen for his subject the beginning of things. Equally suggestive, nay, even pathetic, is the theme of his last work. By what seems a kind of prophecy he placed the figure of Jonah—the type of the resurrection, above the space which thirty years later he covered with the fresco of the Last Judgment. The spirit of the man in beginning a gigantic work like this at his age is sublime. The idea of filling the two vacant walls of the chapels with paintings descriptive of the Last Judgment and the Fall of the Angels, originated with Pope Clement VII.

On the succession of Paul III. this pope went to the artist in person, attended by eight cardinals, to beg him to continue the work. Sebastian's proposition that the painting should be done in oils instead of fresco, met with strong opposition from Michael Angelo. "Only women paint in oils," he said, "men should paint in fresco;" and just as he had torn down Bramante's scaffolding so many years before, he had Sebastian's lime cement scraped off, and the wall prepared according to his own method. There seems to have been no unwillingness in beginning this work, as there had been in the case of the ceiling. It may be that he wished to measure the strength of his age against his youth. Rather, we should suppose, he found the subject to his liking, exhibiting as it does the widest range of human passion, and this in the highest form of the ideal. The theme is as old as art itself. The human mind from all ages has delighted to plunge into the mys-

teries which veil the future state. When Dante came, he put these speculations into glowing verse. Michael Angelo—the twin soul of the poet, gave them the noble attributes of his genius, and transferred them to the frescos of the Sistine Chapel. The height of the picture is fifty-four feet by forty-three in width. "Before such a canvas," as one has said, "the master must have felt as the warlike prince does, who, instead of having ten thousand men under him, suddenly sees before him a field on which he is to lead half a million to battle." But this is not a wrestling with flesh and blood, it is a struggle with the powers of darkness—the materialization of the worst and highest passions of the human breast. At the present day, the colors are effaced and the figures have nearly all been covered with gaudy drapery, so that it is next to impossible to conceive the grandeur of the work as it appeared in 1541. Sketches such as those which are here reproduced from large copies are most valuable in reviving the original spirit of the composition.

Michael Angelo has treated the whole wall as if it were the open space of heaven. In the centre is Christ with his mother. Surrounding these two figures is an immense circle of the saints. Below these are the Angels of the Judgment, with trumpets directed into the depths beneath, and from these depths, on the left side, arise those awakened from the dead, while on the right, the condemned are struggling upward, and are thrust down by angels and devils. In speaking thus of right and left, I mean as regards the observer—these being reversed in the picture so that the condemned appear as they should on the left side of the Judge. The strange mixture which we find here of Paganism and Christianity—realism and idealism—is bewildering to us, but was common in the conditions of the time. There can be no doubt as to the spirit in which the work is conceived. This is the day of wrath, not pardon. The figure of the Judge is that of an avenging fate; the power of his upraised hand seems to affect the whole picture. We can almost feel the convulsive trembling of the earth as he pronounces his everlasting condemnation. Opposed to this, with the artist's love of contrast, is the striking picture of Christ's mother, whose tender heart is torn by the horrors of the scene. She seems strangely out of place amid the din of trumpets and the cries of the lost, and would seek



THE BLESSED ASCENDING FROM THEIR GRAVES.

to hide herself behind the terrible majesty of her son. We look in vain for pity or relenting in this Hercules, as he has been described: "Whose hair flutters in the wind like flames which the storm blows back, his angry countenance looking down upon the condemned

with frightful eyes, as if he wished to hasten forward the destruction into which his word had plunged them."

To arrive at a just conception of the nature of the artist's work, it is well to separate it into groups. Thus examined, it will be seen

that everywhere in the picture the soul is represented in the body, of which Spenser says, that

Of all God's works, which doe this world adorn,
There is no one more faire, and excellent
Than is man's body, both for power and forme,
While it is kept in sober government.

This thought is the keynote of Michael Angelo's art. Nor does he once, though popes censure and the people, with that false modesty which is akin to shame, avert their heads—sacrifice his high ideal. When Paul III. complained of the nudity of the figures, he flung back the answer, "Let your Holiness reform the world, and the pictures will reform themselves." The difference between his methods and those of Raphael has been said to consist in the fact that Michael Angelo brought man up to the supernatural, while Raphael brought the supernatural down to man. Certain it is, that Angelo redeemed the nudity of his figures from any fleshly or material expression by his grand simplicity of outlines and delicacy of coloring. Truly it has been said, "that he who only admires Michael Angelo's works values the smallest part of him." To study his life, and then speak of impurity of purpose in his art is impossible, for his life and art were one and the same thing. The man who lived blamelessly in the midst of the corrupt influences of Lorenzo dei Medici's time, and later, through the reigns of popes whose names we associate with immorality and intrigue, needs no defense. If he found his art degraded by men's evil passions, he purified it in the flame of his noble genius, and placed it upon ideal heights, above the touch of human contamination. His severe anatomical studies—to which he devoted twelve years of his life—made him a master of every form of bodily expression. By the play of the muscles, he could represent the basest or the grandest emotions of the human soul, and therefore he was unwilling to fetter himself with flowing drapery, or indeed, any of those accessories by which the painter may strive to conceal his ignorance of the subject which he treats.

In glancing at the different groups, that of prophets and apostles, headed by Moses and St. Peter, will repay careful examination. Not less notable is the group which follows of saints and martyrs, St. Andrew still clinging to the cross on which he died, with one leg bent, and the other, with its wonder-

ful anatomy extended. Among the martyrs, by a strange *grotesquerie*, which appears again and again in the picture, Angelo has put the figure of St. Bartholomew in the foreground, holding forth his empty skin to the view of the world. Such audacity of imagination is without a parallel in the history of art.

In the group of the blessed, we join in the exultation of those who emerging painfully from their graves, try at first to stand upon their feet, then gently rise, soon gaining greater strength conquer the unwilling air, and soar with songs and hallelujahs to the happy circle of the saints. Opposed to this buoyancy, we have the struggles of the lost souls. It would seem as if this whole side of the picture was weighed down by the load of misery and sin.

In the group of angels in the centre, one sounds the trumpet in a way that must rouse the earth though it had been thrice dead; another has placed his trumpet over his shoulder, and looks with frightened curiosity at the ruin of the guilty; a third, with a trumpet at his lips, turns away his head inquiringly, as if he just received orders to hold his breath. In the two books held by the recording angels, we notice the suggestive humor of the artist, making the book of life so small in comparison with the book of condemnation.

We come at last to the contest between the condemned and the devils at the bottom of the picture. In this mass of struggling creatures, rushing, falling, climbing, seizing, we find every possible attitude, and each eloquent of the hope or fear which inspires it. There is not a single position here which is not conformable to the strictest anatomical laws. Here we see one poor mortal who seems to have been overlooked by Charon's imps, for he has climbed up over the falling bodies of his companions and gained a vantage ground, where he stops for an instant, as it were to recover breath, when like lightning, appears a host of devils tumbling over each other in their haste to reach their victim and drag him down to the dread abyss. There is no desire to help each other in this mass of despairing creatures, as there is in the case of the blessed, and this is one of many subtle strokes in the picture. The devils, too, are comic as gargoyles. One, of a deep red color, stops in his delightful pastime of dragging down a lost soul, while with one disengaged hand he whistles through his fingers as we

have seen boys do upon the street, no doubt with the desire to add his share to the general confusion.

Charon, emptying his crowded boat, is represented by Michael Angelo, as one has said, as if Dante had stood by and inspired him with his spirit. There was a time when the eye of Charon was the principal light of the picture, now only the force of his attitude conveys an idea of his malignity. The sky behind the demons is reduced in some places almost to white decay, while the devils retain their tremendous depth of tone, and

Paul III., gravely, "You know I have received power in Heaven and earth, but I have no authority in hell. So I fear you will be obliged to stay there."

The Last Judgment was finished in the year 1541, and the chapel first opened to the public on Christmas Day of that year. All those who then beheld it were rapt in admiration, and its fame spread so fast that people came from the most distant parts of Italy to feast their eyes on this masterpiece of art.

In this great work, Michael Angelo departed from all the traditions of Christian



GROUP OF ANGELS WITH TRUMPETS.

thus are rendered, if possible, more terrible. The figure of Charon, as he stands in his boat, beating the poor wretches down into the fiery lake, afforded Michael Angelo a capital chance to wreak vengeance upon one of his critics. Signor Biaggio, master of ceremonies of Paul III., ventured to give his opinion of the Last Judgment. "Holy Father—if I may presume to speak, this painting seems to me more suited to adorn a tavern than a consecrated chapel." His remark was overheard by Michael Angelo, who thereupon placed an exact likeness of Biaggio in the midst of the infernal regions, under the by no means flattering similitude of Minos, with long ears. The unfortunate object of the artist's wrath hastened to throw himself at the pope's feet, declaring that he would not rise until his Holiness should release him from his dreadful surroundings. "Signor Biaggio," said

art, but he dedicated to it his noblest powers and attains in it his highest excellence. I speak now of technical excellence, for we cannot but feel that the picture lacks the majesty and devotion which characterizes the frescos of the ceiling. Yet here, as everywhere, the artist maintains the courage of his convictions. His treatment of such a difficult subject frightens us into admiration. Standing before it, we would, like one of the figures on his canvas, fain stop our ears to the sounds which besiege the chapel walls.

There have been many definitions of Michael Angelo's force. We think he who would understand it must feel it. In his methods he combined his own naturalism with the highest features of the Greek art. As he said upon one occasion, "He who contends with the worthless, achieves no victory." Thus he always chooses the noblest sub-

jects for his work. It was his ability to treat grand things grandly, which made him so successful as an architect. On no one man could the mantle of such a giant fall. It was large enough to cover all who should succeed him.

There is a tender sadness enveloping the closing scenes of his life. He saw the woman in whom he had found the sympathy which his youth had never known, depart into that future whose shadows already hung so darkly about him. In describing the last hour of Vittoria Colonna to his friend Condivi, he cries with passionate regret, "Ah, if I had but kissed her forehead or her cheek, instead of her hand!" There is a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, known to have been drawn by Michael Angelo himself, now in the possession of John Malcolm, Esq., of Poltalloch, Scotland. The picture is an exquisite piece of workmanship. Not a curve of the lips or firmly moulded chin, has escaped the artist. The well-shaped head is dressed with simple braids of hair, bound by an antique fillet. The eyes are thoughtful, and with long lashes which droop upon the softly-rounded cheek. The straight nose and low, broad forehead remind one of the classic beauty of a Greek goddess. It is a "gracious possession," this face, and if, as it may be, it is idealized by the artist's tender fancy and matchless skill, yet we know that no picture could do justice to the purity and nobleness which illumined the woman's soul. After reading the sonnet which Michael Angelo wrote for her to accompany the sketch, we may understand something of the spirit which inspired his work:

How can that be, lady, which all men learn
By long experience. Shapes that seem alive,
Wrought in hard marble, will survive
Their maker whom the years to dust return!
Thus to effect, cause yields. I who strive [live
With sculpture, know this well; her wonders
In spite of time and death, those tyrants stern.
So I can give long life to both of us—
In either way, by colors or by stones,
Making the semblance of thy face and mine.
Centuries hence, when both are buried thus,
Thy beauty and my sadness shall be shown.
And men shall say, 'For her 'twas wise to pine.'

Before he knew her, he seemed stern and inaccessible, like the lonely hills of Carrara. Warmed by her sympathy, he breaks into sunshine. We find violets in the clefts of the rocks. Instead of cold winds, soft breezes woo us, the air is filled with the songs of birds. But all this is the ephemeral glory of

an autumn day. Like the haze with which Nature hides her tears for the dying year, is the sadness which breathes through Angelo's sonnets to Colonna. "At evening, after the labor of the day, he knelt, in spirit, before her," says Taine, "as Dante at the feet of Beatrice." It may have been thus, when solitary and alone he watched the sunset glow die into the embers of twilight, that he likened the swift-coming darkness to that long night which must separate him from her:

Nay, if this night be anything at all,
Sure she is daughter of the sun and earth.
This holds, the other spreads, that shadowy pall.
Howbeit they err who praise this gloomy birth,
So frail and desolate and so void of mirth,
That one poor fire-fly can her might appall.

Opposite the Quirinal palace in Rome on Monte Cavallo, still stands the little church of San Silvestro. In 1537 there was a nursery to which this church belonged. At the present day this is tenanted by monks, but the small, dim space, the convent yard, is as it was then. In the cool shadow of the convent walls, back of the church, was the favorite resort of Vittoria Colonna, Michael Angelo and other choice spirits of their time. The distant city lay forgotten at their feet. The sunlight flickered through the laurel branches and down upon the mossy stones. Within the church may have echoed the iterative chant of the nuns or the footfalls of the peasant folk as they came to the vesper service. We shall find the lemon trees blossoming now in this quiet court. So still and fragrant is the place, we forget that Time has entered here, changing the blossoms into fruit and stilling the clear, sweet voices of those who chanted there so long ago.

Some of the happiest memories of the master's life cluster around this spot. When we remember that he had no home, nor any of those dear companionships which the word implies, we may realize what delights he found in the hours which he spent in this place.

One would fain linger in the enchanted place, and amid such company. But we have seen enough to show us how great was Colonna's influence over Angelo, and to lament that they had not known each other in their youth. Yet we must be grateful for the happy years which are beautified by such a friendship, and pass on to the closing scenes of the artist's life.

After the death of his beloved servant Urbino, the love of solitude, which had at-

ways been part of his nature, grew into a longing for the silence and the mystery of the hills. He goes alone to the mountains, where he leaves half of his soul, "for truly, there is no peace now but in the woods."

The story runs that one day, aged and decrepit, he was found near the Coliseum, on foot and in the snow. On being asked where he was going, he replied, "to school, to try and learn something." Often, in the middle of the night, if he could not sleep, he would rise and work with brush and pencil, when his hands were too weak to wield the chisel.

troubles, under which a lesser soul must long before have sunk. Upon the pedestal the artist wrote, "Sleep is sweet, and yet more sweet it is to be of stone, while misery and wrong endure. Not to see, not to feel, is my joy. So wake me not! Ah, speak in whispers!"

During the last few months of his life he longed for death to come. In the beginning of the year 1564, he began to fail visibly, and on the 18th of February, 1564, he died, in the 90th year of his age.

He was, we are told, of middle stature, broad in the shoulders, and somewhat spare



CHARON IN HIS BOAT WITH THE CONDEMNED.

Once a friend found him thus, holding his lantern before a half-finished sketch. Michael Angelo turned and saw his visitor. "You have come to chide me because I work while others sleep. You shall not see my sketch, for it mocks me," he cried, suddenly dropping his lantern. Then repenting him of his hasty words, he tremblingly stretched out his hand to his friend through the darkness, and added, "Forgive me. What matters it? I am so old that death often pulls me by the coat to come with him, and some day I shall fall down like this lantern, and my last spark will be extinguished."

In the figure called Night, which the artist sculptured for the Medici Chapel, we may find a response to his own feelings at this time. The statue represents a grand female form, sleeping. It is the sleep of exhaustion, the last solace of a mind and heart which has borne

and bony. He had a good complexion. The forehead was square and somewhat projecting, and his eyes small and of a hazel color. There exists a portrait of him, said, but with little probability, to have been painted by himself. But it may well be accepted as an accurate likeness of the great artist. The broad brow, the look of keen intelligence, the self-reliant aspect and the strongly marked and even rugged features betoken the mighty soul that dwelt within. The nose with its bridge broken, the result of a contest with a fellow-student, in his youth, declares the spirit that did not shrink from receiving blows, while defending what he deemed the right. This portrait presents a curious contrast to the portrait by Angelo's pupil and friend Sebastian del Piombo, in which his master appears wearing a turban, and with all the stern lines of his face eliminated.

William Wentworth Story, in a recent lecture, pays this eloquent tribute to Michael Angelo's memory :

"As a sculptor, his grand and glowing genius is above the rules of the schools—having sought and found on the white steeps beyond human power the law which governs and the soul which inspires his wonderful creations. No name other than that of Phidias may be mentioned with his. As an artist, he taught even Raphael, and the latter learned from the lesson a more graceful touch and a loftier and serener beauty. As an architect—the grandest fabric ever wrought by man swings in the mid-air of Rome, to attest his supreme genius, the dome of St. Peter's, which is the lofty brow incasing the brain of

the church. As an engineer, the stubborn defense of his native Florence is a competent witness that as a soldier he could have been as great as an artist. As a poet, though he swept no Lydian strains from his lyre, yet the clear, sweet, piercing melody of his song sweeps the eternal heights with no uncertain sounds. As a man, he was well-nigh perfect."

Regarding his death, we may find no nobler thought than that expressed by Michael Angelo himself, on the birth of a grandson :

"Leonardo," he said to his son, "you do not show much judgment in holding a festival over one new born. Such joy should rather be kept for the death of one who has lived well."

Mary Wakeman Botsford.



MICHAEL ANGELO, AFTER PORTRAIT BY
SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO.

THE RIVER AMAZON.

MINE is the candid unmanacled liberty, owning
No mortal's light sway.

Kindred am I to all winds in their moving and moaning,
And tameless as they.

One my circuitous roamings, my rhythmic pulsations,
With stars where they roll ;

Man cannot fathom the fire of those large inspirations
That warm my great soul.

He that would utter my name, in its meaning stupendous,
With all it enshrouds,
Must for the words that he uses take torrents tremendous,
Take mountains and clouds.

Lo, I am lifted above insubstantial traditions,
Nor heed while they pass ;

Less to my forest-clad pride are a kingdom's transitions
Than dewfalls on grass.

All the base multiform passion whose energy urges
The heart of mankind,
Shelters among the brute creatures that wander my verges,
Thick-leaved, lavish-vined.

Here in my leopards and serpents are fostered and hidden
The crafts and the greeds
Wrought with coeval resemblance to longings forbidden
That sway human deeds.

Yet as the adequate symbol of virtues resultant
From aims that exalt,
Heaven at my summons will glass in these waters exultant
Her uttermost vault.

Discords are mine that can drown all the trivial dissensions
Of men far and near ;
Euphonies float from my surge whose harmonious dimensions
Even gods could not hear.

Go where superb white audacity tells its defiance
In peaks robed with snows ;
There shall you learn what infrangible bonds of alliance
Have bound me to those.

Go where the pinnaced ice rims the ghastly North oceans
Through months of keen night ;
There, amid altitudes glacial and thunderlike motions,
Live moods of my might !

Breaths of terrific simooms, making caravans tremble,
Possess, while they fly,
Onslaught and turbulence, courage and speed, that resemble
This power that is I.

Be it the vast winding cave, or the Alp lightnings blister,
Or the cliff, huge, austere,
Each in its grandeur profound I accept as my sister,—
Yet scorn as my peer !

Whence, in my vigorous attainment, my visage resplendent,
Till time shall have flown,
I, of all rivers terrestrial, am chief and transcendent,
Elect and alone !

Edgar Fawcett.

WHAT CAME OF A SEA PICNIC.

IT WAS a fine night. The Southern Cross and the Magellan clouds gleamed in the serene heavens. A clipper ship was running down the trade wind. Everything was set alow and aloft, and the noble craft was reeling off fourteen knots, with a broad band of phosphorescent foam running along on each side, and uniting at the stern in a magnificent wake resplendent with green and crimson sparks. One felt exhilarated as if by an elixir, as he paced the deck and watched the vast sails bellying to the breeze, and the joyous movement of the great vessel bounding toward home. Captain Foster was taking a final smoke before he turned in at eight bells. He was in a cheerful mood, and every now and then spoke exultingly of the qualities of his ship.

"Where was she built, Captain Foster?" I inquired.

"She was built, sir, at Newburyport. I love this ship as if she were my own child. If I hadn't married my wife I shouldn't have had this ship, sir," he replied.

"How did that happen? I infer there was something unusual about it," said I.

"Yes, there was something curious about it all. When I went to school Amy Fernald went there too, and I took a great fancy to her. She was sixteen and I was seventeen. But she was rich; her father owned ships and traded with the East Indies. But my folks were poor, and my father sailed in the ships that Amy's father owned. After awhile her people began to hear that I was sweet on their child, and they told her she must take no further notice of me. To make the matter surer, they sent Amy away to a boarding-school, and then I could see nothing of her.

"This maddened me, and made me ready to listen to my father, who said it was time I should be earning a living, instead of wasting any more time at books and fooling with the girls. He wanted me to go into a store; 'one sailor's enough in our family,' said he. But I had a hankering for the sea, and thought, too, that it was better for me to get away

from the place, if I couldn't see Amy Fernald.

"I ran away to Boston, and shipped for Batavia. We were gone fifteen months, and when I got home I was in good training, for there wasn't anything bad about me. After the first few weeks I got so that I could furl a top-gallant-sail or pass the weather earing with any of them. I said to myself, too, that if I applied myself I could get a ship of my own some day, and if I weren't good enough for Amy as I was, I'd be up to her when I walked my own quarter-deck.

"When I got home I was twenty-one. I found Amy was there too. I hadn't seen her for more'n two years. I met her in the street; she was dressed up handsome as a picture, but I had on the clothes I wore at sea. But it didn't seem to make any difference to her. She stopped and spoke to me, and asked so many questions about me, where I'd been, and what I was agoing to do, and smiled so pleasantly, my heart jumped up from the keel right up to the main-truck, just as lively as a flag blisted on a sunny day and waving in a fair breeze.

"After she left me, I thought it all over, and I guessed that the least I could make out about her, was that she liked me pretty well. At first this made me jolly as a cricket; but afterward I felt greatly depressed, for even if she loved me, how was I, a poor sailor, a going to get her; and even if I did, how should I support her in a decent way.

"'Anyhow,' said I to myself, 'the only way is for me to get another ship. It's the only chance for me.' While I was ashore, therefore, I studied navigation with my uncle, who'd been mate of a ship, and then I looked around, and being lively and giving my whole attention to my work, in a year I got a place as second mate.

"All this time I was just thinking of Amy Fernald day and night. I'd made up my mind that she should be my wife, and I was pretty determined in those days. But when I came home again as second mate, and with three hundred dollars salted down, the first



AMY FERNALD.

thing I heard, was that a chap named Dyce—Algernon Dyce, or some such big-sounding name, was making love to her. He had lots of money, came from an old family in Boston, they said, and her folks were tickled to death about him, and wanted her to marry him right out-of-hand, as you might say.

“ ‘If Amy loves him,’ thought I to myself,

‘I won’t bother any more with such a fickle-minded creature. But if so be she doesn’t care for him, then let him look out whenever he comes foul of my hawser. For she’s my girl, and I won’t stand any meddling from nobody, I don’t care who he is. Dyce be hanged! he’ll feel sick when he sees me, that’s all.’

"This wasn't just the proper sort of thinking, for he had as much right as I did to love a pretty girl, at least if he didn't know how I felt about her. Well, Mr. Fernald at this time had a large ship launched. He called her the *Hyperion*. They were going to take her around to New York to load for Bombay. It was fine summer weather, on the edge of September, and although the line gale comes on about that time, they calculated to get the clipper around to her berth in New York before that. She was the finest ship he had built, and he was so proud of her, he invited a lot of friends to take a pleasure v'y'ge to New York. 'T wouldn't take more'n two or three days, and with a northerly breeze the ship could make the run in thirty-six hours. The top-sails were sheeted home and the anchor was a-trip. I was standing on the wharf looking at the ship, and feeling like the devil, for I'd just seen Amy and Mr. Dyce on board with the rest of the party, and there I was left out in the cold. People make love quickly at sea, and my heart misgave me, that it was all up with my chase for Miss Fernald.

"I was turning away to go home, when I saw a boat put off from the ship with the captain in the stern-sheets. When they got to the wharf, I saw them landing a sick man. Then Captain Cooper came toward me. When he got within hail, he said :

"Mr. Foster, my mate's taken sick ; he's got a fit, and I want a man right away to take his place. Do you want to go with us to New York? If we get along well, I'll give you the first chance for the round v'y'ge to Bombay !"

"I'm with you, Mr. Cooper," said I.

"Jump right aboard, then ; never mind your chest ; I'll lend you a pea-jacket, and you can send for your things from New York. We've got to get away while the tide serves."

"In five minutes I was on the fore-castle of the *Hyperion* ordering the hands heaving at the windlass, and Amy was on the quarter-deck watching me. The longer I live the more I see that life is made up of just such unlooked-for surprises and turns of fortune.

"We hadn't more'n got outside of the bar, heading for Cape Ann with a fresh breeze, than I saw the ship was mighty tender. She was in ballast, but they hadn't stowed enough below, and she was heavily sparred and cranked. 'T wasn't long afore we had to haul

the royals, and I saw we were in for more'n two days' run, unless the wind favored us, for we couldn't carry on if it came on to blow, nor make much beating to windward flying light under short sail.

"This was just what I wanted. The longer we were out, the better my chances to cut out that Boston chap, you see? Just as soon as we got where we could feel the swell a-heavin' up, I was sure of him, for he began to look white about the gills, and didn't laugh quite so hearty. But Amy looked game, and I knew she wouldn't give up quite so quick. And when it was my watch on deck, I thought to myself I'd have my chances for putting in a good word for myself.

"We got off past Nantucket Light by mornin', and then it fell a dead calm. Light and baffling winds set in for a day or two, and then the glass began to fall. Captain Cooper looked anxious, I tell you, for we were short of provisions, having taken aboard only enough fresh grub for a few days. A tremendous swell was a-heavin' up from the south'ard, and the passengers didn't dance any more on the quarter-deck, but lay below in their bunks thinkin' 'twasn't such fun after all, going to sea for a picnic. The glass kept falling, and the wind began to hum from the sou'west, and the longer it blew the harder it blew. On the third day out the sun didn't rise, at least we didn't see it, there was such a bank of clouds all around the offing. At noon we were heave to on the starboard tack under close reefed top-sails and stay-sails, and a very wicked sea piling up from sou'-west ; not that it was blowin' so hard yet, but it was a goin' to blow harder before it blew less, and the ship was tender as a new-born baby.

"After the men had eaten their dinner, Captain Cooper said to me :

"Mr. Foster, send down the royal and top-gallant yards. We are in for the line gale, and no mistake, and the ship ain't over and above stiff."

"It was a big job, I tell you, but it wasn't done a minute too soon, for when it struck eight bells it was dark as night, and blowin' a regular screechin' hurricane. The ship was so light, she didn't take in much water, but she lay over almost on her beam ends, and it wouldn't have taken much more to make her turn her keel wrong side up. This was a little more than I'd bargained for, and I felt my responsibility a great deal more, because

the girl I loved was on board. I made up my mind then that if I ever married Amy Fernald I wouldn't take her to sea with me. A man faces danger far more readily, you see, when he knows that those he loves aren't placing their lives in his charge.

"The wind backed round to southeast and northeast. We didn't dare to run, for the ship steered so wild. We wore ship at midnight, and put her on the other tack. At four bells there was such a tumult of the winds and waves there warn't a soul asleep aboard, and the ship lay over so far there warn't no fun in it. We were hove to with only a bit of canvas laid against the mizzen-rigging, and the sea making a clean breach over the weather-bow, and the lee-rail under water. Then we saw a terrible squall a comin'. It was so dark you couldn't see the length of your hand. You couldn't hear yourself talk. The wind just caught off the words like a knife. We must right the ship or she'd go over in one of them squalls. The word was passed to cut away the mizzen-mast. It went by the board, and the vessel began to pay off; but when she got into the trough of the sea, we had to cut away the mainmast to keep her from foundering. The fore-topmast went with it above the hounds. This just saved the fore yard. Slowly the poor, maimed creature payed off before the wind, after we'd cleared the wreck alongside. The wind shifted to nor'west, but bless you, what could we do against it. It blew harder than ever out of that quarter, and there was only just one thing to do, and we did it. We goose-winged the foresail and scudded. For twenty-four hours there hadn't been a bit of food on board. Fore and aft there had been nothin' to eat but hard-tack and dried salt fish. This was before the day of canned meats, you know. 'T wain't no use tryin' to light a fire in the galley, the sea came over in such quantities, and the ship labored to that degree you had to hold on all the time. About ten of the morning, I could stand it no longer; I kept thinking of poor Amy, without any tea or hot victuals to warm her up. I made shift to heat a little water, and made some tea, and I went below to serve it to the ladies.

"'Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Foster,' said Miss Fernald, her eyes brightening up when she saw me. 'How nice this is, how thoughtful of you to bring it to us. When is this dreadful storm going to stop? Shall we ever get home again?'

"'Don't worry yourself, Miss Amy;' said I. 'It'll moderate by'm'by, I guess, and with smoother water 't won't take us long to get to New York.'

"Just then the ship took an upward lift; then she started to roll almost to her fore-yard arms; and then she seemed to stand still half a second. I knew what was coming and held my breath. Then a tremendous green sea crashed over the stern breaking in the skylight and half-filling the cabin with water.

"It was an awful moment, for if another sea like that struck us it would burst the decks in. But nothin' came after it. I flew on deck and found that Captain Cooper and two of the men had been washed overboard, and the quarter-boats too. We could do nothing to save them, and I was now captain of the ship; but by the way the seas were rolling up astern of us, and hanging over the quarter, a hungerin' to swallow us up, I didn't expect to be captain very long of this or any other ship. There was a bark hove to dead ahead of us. At the rate we were going, we'd be right on her before we could come to. She was lying on her beam ends, and was wallowing very heavily, as if she were full of water. There was but one chance for us, and a tough one it was. She might go down before we reached her. I took the weather-wheel myself and brought the Hyperion a mite up to starboard; I didn't want to make her broach to in such a mountainous sea as was running. The stranger went down just as we reached her; the Hyperion ris up on a big sea and actually scudded right over the taffrail of the sinking vessel. Her mizzen-mast scraped our port quarter and tore away the mizzen-chains. It was the closest squeak I ever saw in my life.

"We manned the pumps and found the ship was still sound, and toward night the hulls began to grow longer and the glass began to rise. The back of the storm was broken. We were now well across the Gulf Stream, with only the foremast standing below the top, the prevailing winds being from the westward, and our stock of provisions running low. I concluded to bear away for Bermuda, and refit at Georgetown. One thing I meant to make sure of this time. I'd have more ballast put on board. If it hadn't been for a foolish economy, which you find constantly exhibited in the management of the

merchant marine, we'd been in a very different place by this time, and probably snug in port.

"The next day it came on a dead calm. Our passengers all came on deck. They didn't look so jolly and rosy as they did when they started. It had been anything but a pleasure cruise for them, I warrant you. It was a solemn time they had talking it all over, and we were not out of the woods yet, by a long shot.

"I don't see what you expect to gain, Mr. Foster, by heading for Bermuda," said Dyce to me. "I should think it would be better to keep in the track of ships, and let them take us off this clumsy raft before we starve."

"Mr. Dyce," said I, "through the Providence of God I'm master of this ship for the time bein', and must allow no interference with my actions. I hope, Providence permittin', to get you all safe home, but I can allow no interference with my authority."

"He didn't like this, and turned away mutterin' to himself. Awhile after I heard him say to Miss Fernald, 'I should think you might persuade him to change his course. Here we are, getting farther out to sea every minute. It's a chance whether any of us ever get home alive. It seems to me, as the ship belongs to your father, you might induce him to head up toward the west. It's our only hope, I am quite sure, Miss Fernald.'

"Then I heard her say:

"I'm certain my father would never permit such a thing as interference with the authority of the captain on board his own ship. I have heard that Captain Foster is a very promising seaman, and I think we ought to place confidence in his judgment. I, at least, shall not say anything to indicate any doubt of his capacity to command this ship."

"The calm proved to be a weather breeder, as I feared. After a great gale in the fall of the year a storm is liable to repeat itself in a day or two. I don't need to say how terrible anxious I was—the ship dismantled, short of provisions and water, and crank as the deuce. We might have been about a hundred miles from the Bermudas, when a gale sprung up from the north'ard. I'd seen it coming in the big swells heaving up from that quarter. I'd made up my mind what to do, in case of another blow. There were two things to consider, the safety of the ship and the lives of those on board. I was going to save both

if I could, but if I couldn't do both, I'd look out for the people. Those who own and sail ships don't always act as if they thought human life worth a blame sight more than any ship that ever floated.

"But before it began to blow hard, I found I had another job on my hands. Dyce wasn't a coward, but he'd seen all he wanted of the sea for one time, and to do him justice, I suppose he wanted to see the lady he was trying to marry safe on shore again. I shouldn't ha' blamed him if this had been all. But he thought he knew more'n anybody else, and he'd made up his mind that I was too young and inexperienced to have charge of a large ship in such uncertain weather.

"So what does he do but talk with Mr. Jones, the second mate. Like most second mates, Jones was down on me when I was mate, and he did not like me any better when he found that I'd become captain. For I was younger than he, both in years and in service. He meant well, but he wasn't over and above bright, and Captain Cooper probably knew that, when he asked me to be mate instead of him. And he was a man who could be talked into anything by those who could palaver and din it into him. I was below stealing a few winks in my bunk, for I was mighty tired with what we'd been through, and expecting more of the same sort, when Jones and Dyce were getting up a plot to force me to head to the westward instead of keeping on for Bermuda. As I was going on deck at eight bells, the steward, who was in the cabin, said it was his duty to warn me that there was a mutiny a brewin' to force me to head to the westward, and if I refused, they were going to put Mr. Jones in my place. I didn't let on that I knew anything about it, when I went on deck, but ordered Mr. Jones to call all hands to set up a jury mast on the stump of the main-mast. The weather looked threatening, and I ordered them to be lively about it.

"When the men were all gathered in the waist and began to handle a spare maintopmast to h'ist, Mr. Jones suddenly came aft with a number of the men, among whom I noticed Bob Murphy, a regular out-and-out sea lawyer. Them's the fellows who worry crews into mutinies with their impudence and long tongues.

"Captain Foster," said Jones, "if you don't mind my saying it for these 'ere men, and for the passengers we've got aboard, I

want to say, sir, that it's our opinion we should take a course to the westward. We don't see no use in running for Bermuda.'

"Mr. Jones," said I, 'I don't see what you or any one else has got to say about the course of this ship until we get her to the port for which she's bound. I'm master aboard here, and I give you warning, I won't have any one giving orders to me.'

"Mr. Foster," answered Jones, 'we'd have you know that we've made up our minds on this 'ere subject. The passengers are with us, and I guess you'll have to give some attention to what we want.'

"Yes," said Dyce, 'we're all agreed, Captain Foster, that you should alter the course of the ship. And if you don't feel like carrying out the wishes of the majority, you should at least give up your command to Mr. Jones, who is doubtless able, as he is willing, to carry out our wishes.'

"I saw this warn't no time for talking, but for action. I could see, too, that the men were unwilling to go into such a thing, and some of them sided with me. I stepped up to Jones, and fetching him a crack on the side of the head, knocked him flat. Then I drew a revolver and dared him resist at the peril of his life. I called on the boatswain and the carpenter to help me; they came very readily; not a man lifted a finger against me, for they saw that I knew what I was about, and was equal to the occasion. I ordered them to lock Mr. Jones in his state-room. I didn't want to put him in irons, as we were short-handed and I might need him. I then turned to Mr. Dyce, and said to him:

"Sir, I gave you credit for more sense than to meddle with the master of a ship in the discharge of his duties. As you are the invited guest of Mr. Fernald, I shall not treat you as you deserve, unless you give me cause to do so. But for the rest of the v'y'ge I must request you to remain in the cabin.'

"But, Captain Foster, you don't mean to say that you propose to give orders to me! he exclaimed, his eyes sticking right out with amazement, and his cheeks coloring with excitement and shame; for Miss Fernald and some of her friends were on deck, and had seen it all.

"I do, indeed, order you, Mr. Dyce, to remain below for the rest of the v'y'ge. I hope you will not oblige me to use force to carry out my orders.'

"He said nothing more, but went below as peaceable as you please, but I could see he was trembling with rage. The ladies were on deck when this happened. I presumed that they wouldn't like it, but when I looked around and saw Amy, I knew that it was all right. Like her friends, she looked serious, and perhaps a bit alarmed; but when she looked at me, her face lighted up, and she smiled approvingly. And I felt that she was on my side and would stand by me if ever we got to port again.

"But there warn't time for thinking and talking any more about this, for it was breezing up fast, and I saw we were in for a wild night. I called Bill Stephens aft and told him he might serve as mate until further orders. I'd made up my mind that the best thing for us to do was to get to the south'ard among the Bahamas, and refit and provision there. With the Gulf Stream and the prevailing westerly winds we could then run up along the coast to New York. We could now set a foresail and jib, and a jury mainsail and stay-sail, and with these, I felt prepared for almost anything. The loss of her upper spars relieved the ship some, and she didn't feel so much the lack of ballast. I also found a cask of oil on board, which made me feel easier, in case we had to heave to again. But we were now so short of provisions, that I was forced to put every one on short allowance. This made me feel more uneasy than anything else about our situation. We were out of the track of vessels, and it was now of the last importance we should get where there was at least something to eat and drink. It blew hard from nor'nor'west for two days with a very heavy sea, but we ran before it without any accident; I thought of the ladies below, and kept the best men at the wheel. On the morning of the third day after this gale began, the weather being clear, fortunately, and getting warmer all the time, the lookout on the fore-yard sang out, 'land ho!'

"Lord! you should have seen them piling out from the cabin, the ladies with their hair a-streamin' in the wind, for they weren't more'n half-dressed. They had a thousand questions to ask, and I declare, I never saw a prettier sight than them girls, all crowding about me, wanting to take a look through the glass, and asking what land it was. I'd got a sight the day before, and when we took the longitude at eight bells, I knew the land

must be somewhere near Harbor Island and Eleuthera. By noon we were close to it, and could see the palm groves waving above the sea, and the roofs of the houses. I'd been there once before, so I thought we could run in without a pilot, although it's ticklish navigation getting into Harbor Island around the wicked reef they call the Devil's Backbone. Perhaps you don't know that the water there is shoal among those islands, over a bottom of fine, white sand. The water is green as polished emerald, and clear as glass. But wherever there are rocks, then the water is purple over them, and on a bright day you can generally make out to steer clear of reefs, if you keep the lead going.

"The day was just beautiful. The wind had moderated to a fresh breeze, and the air was soft as a lady's hand on your cheek. We got into Harbor Island before night, and anchored between Dunmore Town and Eleuthera; it's about a mile between the two islands, and there isn't a snugger port to be found anywhere. The first thing we did was to signal for a boat; our boats, you see, had been carried away. When the boat came, we sent right off for provisions. The darkies brought off a pig and no end of vegetables and jelly cocoanuts. We all felt so good to get where we could have a night's rest in peace, that I told Jones and Dyce they could come on deck, and I'd say no more about it, if they'd mind their own business. The first time for weeks, the fragrance of fresh meat came from the galley, and after supper, the ladies and gentlemen had a dance on the quarter-deck. The new moon shone clear in the west, and most of them now saw the Southern Cross for the first time.

"The next day, I made arrangements to put new spars on the ship. I couldn't expect to rig her there all taut, but I found some old masts and yards there that would do to take us to New York. I gave the passengers their choice, to remain on board while we lay there, or to go to a house on shore; or, 'if you like,' said I, 'I'll rig up tents for you in the cocoanut grove on Eleuthera, and you can have out your picnic in regular style.'

"The ladies clapped their hands, and cried, 'Oh, that would be splendid!' So it was agreed that we should picnic it on shore. I put up two tents just on the edge of a thick grove of cocoa palms, which stands on the beach, near the fields of pineapples, which grow on a red earth, and which they say are

the best in the world. We might have gone over to Nassau to refit, but we were in a good place, and on account of the ladies, who were all tired out, I guessed we'd better remain at Harbor Island.

The darkey pickaninnies used to climb the trees for us, whenever we wanted fresh cocoanuts, and Amy said, if it weren't for the folks at home, who'd be terrible anxious about us, she'd like to stay there all winter. That's the best season there, you know. I noticed she didn't have much to say to Mr. Dyce now, and I also noticed that he began to watch her pretty sharp, whenever she had any talk with me. So I concluded that he saw that she had a liking for me, for I'm sure there was nothing in my manner toward her to show that I could hardly think of anything else, I was so dead in love with her. If I loved her before, I loved her ten times as much now, because a sailor likes to see a woman show courage and spirit, and when such a woman shows confidence in him too, in time of danger, it makes him feel better satisfied with himself. But then, I didn't mean to take advantage of her, seeing that she was in my charge, and that I was on my honor, as it were, not to get her affection while I was commanding her father's ship, and he opposed to me for a son-in-law.

"But you can't always regulate those things in this life. Sometimes destiny throws chances in your way in such a manner, that you feel it's trifling with fortune to refuse.

"In the calm moonlight evenings we used all to go out rowing in the lagoon. The darkies rowed us in their boats, singing at the oars. I never saw anything so lovely; the shadows of the palm groves sleeping on the still water, the moon gleaming on the sea, and the muffled roll of the surf on the bar. If I were a poet, I would have written poetry then. But anyway, we lived it, and that, to my thinking, is better than all the written poetry.

"One night, we all went down toward Bottom Cove. The boat was, perhaps, a trifle overloaded, but the water was smooth, and if we didn't move about too much, there wasn't anything to fear. The ladies sang, 'Home, Sweet Home,' and 'Oft in the Still Night,' and then we talked about the folks at home, and wondered what they were thinking about us, and whether they thought, we were all lost at sea. We expected to sail the next day, if the weather held good, and this

was our last row at Harbor Island. We'd all enjoyed our stay there so much we almost felt sad to think our dream of happiness was over. I know how I felt, for I thought to myself, perhaps I shall never have such another time with the girl I love.

"Amy was sitting at my side. The moon had gone down, and the purple gloom of night concealed everything. Only the stars were gleaming overhead, and little by little we stopped talking, as we drew near the camp on the beach. I didn't feel like saying anything with Amy so near me, perhaps for the last time.

"Suddenly, I seemed to become aware that she was nestling a little closer to me. I looked around and her eyes met mine shining in the dark. I took her hand; she did not take it away. Then, I knew that it was settled, and that she was mine.

"I just wanted to get up and shout, I was so happy. But I said nothing, only just held her hand tighter, until we heard the sea-wind whispering in the palms, and felt the boat grate on the sand. Still holding her hand, I lifted her out of the boat and led her to the tent. Then I went aboard the ship; but I didn't turn in until they rung out eight bells for the middle watch. There wasn't a happier man in the world.

"The next day we took down the tents, and put to sea. I'd managed to get up a jury mizzen-mast, and stumps top-masts, so that we could set quite a good spread of canvas. We also took in a fresh store of water and provisions, and forty tons more of stone ballast, and I felt that we were now much more ready to meet heavy weather than when we sailed from Newburyport.

"We took a sou'west breeze when we cleared the land, and made a fine run to Hatteras. We had a heavy blow off the Cape, but stood it well, and in ten days were off Sandy Hook, and took a pilot. A tug took us in tow in the channel, and then we were all right. The v'y'ge home I had said nothing to Amy about what was nearest to our hearts; but from the way she looked at me, I knew that she had made up her mind, and that it was in my favor.

"We were standing aft, near the companion-way, and I was pointing out the city to her. We were alone for a minute, and I said, 'Amy, if your father says yes, what will you say?'

"She answered, 'I will say yes, too.'

"That was all that we said about our love the whole v'y'ge, but it was enough.

"To make a long story short, the old gentleman came to New York as soon as he got the telegram, saying the Hyperion was safe in New York. He had given her up for lost, and never expected to see his child again.

"The underwriters were pleased enough, when they heard how I had saved the ship, and they presented me with a service of plate, for my wife, as they said, when I should get one. But Mr. Fernald never could say enough about it, and he told me I should have the command of the Hyperion, for I'd fairly earned it; and, to tell the truth, I think I had. But when I asked him for the hand of his daughter, he looked sober, and said he must consult Mrs. Fernald. A few days after, I got a letter, saying that they'd no objection to me for a son-in-law, if I did well on the next v'y'ge.

"The v'y'ge turned out a great success. We made a fine run out to Bombay, and home; and when we returned to New York, I found Amy waiting for me there. The day we were married, the old gentleman made her a present of this ship, and I named her the Amy Fernald.

"Soon after we were married, I had her portrait took, and that's the picture you've seen hanging in my cabin. I always have the picture with me when I go to sea. The artist wanted to take her without her bonnet, but I insisted that she should look just as she did the day I met her in the street, when I came back from my first v'y'ge. That's the dress and the lace shawl she wore that day, and that's the way, while the wind was blowin' her curls about, she held up her fan, and smiled at me, until my heart was in my throat, and I was in such a state, I didn't know whether I stood on my head or heels. Whenever I pass before the picture, I think what a lucky fellow I am, and that there aren't many ship-masters who have such a wife and such a ship.

"But it's struck eight bells, and I guess I'll turn in. If this wind holds, we'll be around the Cape in ten days, and I hope we'll see the Highland Lights in good time. I propose to stay at home after this v'y'ge, for Amy says she doesn't believe husbands should be away so much from their wives, and no more do I."

S. G. W. Benjamin.

THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

Heer is the queen of fayerie,
With harp and lute and symphonie,
Dwelling in this place.—*Chaucer.*

I.

I have a sword of temper true,
A coat of armor, bright and new,
A barb as fleet as Zephyr's self :
I seek nor state nor golden pelf,
But that I worthy deeds may do.

Soft ease and pleasures I eschew.
To be thy virgin knight I sue,
Great Queen of every fay and elf !
What is thy will ?

I see thee glassed in twinkling dew
And in all waters still and blue ;
Thy tapers shine in glen and delf ;
Thy foot doth print the sandy shelf ;
I trace thee by no doubtful clue :—
What is thy will ?

II.

My sword was broken at the heft ;
My armor ta'en by shameful theft ;
My steed of Barbary I lent
To one most seeming-innocent,
Who rode away with promise deft.

Was ever knight so strangely reft ?
Stout heart and hand alone are left,
And these to thee I do present :

I serve thee still.

Though all thine elves, in copse and cleft,
Mock as I pass, and spread a weft
To take my feet—I fare content ;
Though youth be flown, and fortune spent,
Stout heart and hand to me are left :

I serve thee still.

A NIGHT IN A GABLE ROOM.

I.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

HALF a lifetime spent in the active pursuit of my profession, had rendered me somewhat more than callous to ordinary impressions, either of joy or fear, but I confess that, as I drew near Vanderlyn Manor House—at the close of a chill December day, some score of years ago—I experienced a sudden presentiment of evil which seemed utterly baseless and ridiculous, but which I could not shake off by any effort of will.

This ancient dwelling stood in a lonely gorge of the hills forming the northern barrier of the great Mohawk valley, and when I first beheld it, the aspect it presented was little calculated to dispel my strange apprehensions. As I subsequently learned, the main building had been erected in the seventeenth century, on land which was part of an extensive manorial grant, rather as a defense against the savages, than as a mere dwelling, and its massive walls of dark gray stone, pierced by numerous narrow openings, that were loop-holes rather than windows, imparted to it a prison-like appearance peculiarly gloomy. This sombreness was much increased by the fantastic arrangement of the high, peaked roofs, not only of the main structure, but of the many additions which had been made to it by the descendants of the original proprietor, and particularly by an enormous gable thrust out from the front at the level of the second story. This excrescence was supported on four great columns, each formed of a single stone, and the space underneath constituted the porch before the main entrance of the mansion.

Hill and valley were covered with newly-fallen snow, and the many-pointed roof of the house, on which it rested a foot thick, seemed carved from a great block of marble. The dusky twilight lent to this a livid whiteness strongly suggestive of death by famine, and every tree or bush within the view, clothed with the same cadaverous shroud, took upon itself the likeness of a tombstone or a monument, as if the vale was one great

graveyard tenanted by the victims of some desolating pestilence. As I plodded on slowly through the snow, my brain teemed, in spite of my will, with a succession of such dismal ideas, that when I reached the house the great gable seemed to bear no slight resemblance to the head of a hippopotamus, the stone pillars being the teeth and the porch the yawning mouth, open to swallow me bodily. Shaking off the crazy fancy with an effort, I stepped within its shelter and plied the huge, brazen knocker vigorously.

Before the echo had died away within the door swung open noiselessly, and in the dim light of a lamp hanging behind him, I saw what appeared to be a very old man standing on the threshold. As he did not speak—not even invite me to enter—I addressed him:

“Will you tell Mr. Derrick Vanderlyn that his old friend, William Warde—”

To my utter amazement, I was interrupted by a loud cry—as from the lips of one suddenly relieved from grievous terror—and the old man, staggering out into the porch, threw both his arms about my neck.

“My dear, dear Will, have you really come at last?”

The voice, though weak and hollow, was the voice of Derrick Vanderlyn; but it was the old man who spoke. I followed in dumb bewilderment as he drew me in at the door and across the hall, listening like one in a dream to his repeated exclamations of joy at my arrival. In a moment he had ushered me into a snug room, at the end of the hall, furnished as a library and brightly lighted by a large lamp. Here a great log fire blazed cheerfully in a wide-arched chimney, and before this my singular host, having removed my coat and hat, planted me in a comfortable arm-chair, drawing up another in which to seat himself.

All this time he had continued to pour out, with feverish volubility, a frenzy of thanksgiving for my coming, giving me no time to utter a word. And, indeed, it was not until I had been for some moments seated, staring

at him opposite with all my eyes, that I could find voice to speak at all, so overcome was I with wonder and dismay.

Could this possibly be my schoolfellow, merry Dirk, as we always called him? I had seen him last, not five years ago, with curling golden hair and bright blue eyes, exulting in health and strength, and the hope of a cloudless future. Why, Vanderlyn was two years my junior, and I was not yet forty! This bent and wasted form, these gray hairs and white, wrinkled face belonged to a man of more than sixty. I could not believe but that I was the sport of a delusion, and when I was able to speak, my first words expressed all the doubt and wonder that I felt.

"It is not possible that you are Dirk Vanderlyn!" I cried vehemently. "In the name of Heaven, what does this mean?"

His wan face had worn an unmistakable expression of joy while greeting me; but now this vanished utterly, and I could at once see how forced it had been. In all my experience of human misery, I had never before seen a countenance so completely devoid of hope as his now became. His body shrank and cowered down in the chair, as if he had been a puny child, and I had struck him.

"It is a long story, Will," he said, sadly. "I am your old schoolfellow, but only the wreck of what I was. You shall hear it all to-morrow."

"Tell me now, Dirk," I insisted warmly. "Bless my soul! I shall dream of imaginary horrors all night, unless you give me the truth to think about."

A strong shudder shook him from head to foot, and he glanced about him sharply, as if he expected to see something terrible. I now noticed that his sunken eyes had a hunted look, like that which glazes the eyes of the condemned when all hope is gone.

"You'll have no need to *dream* of horrors in this house, Will," he answered quickly. "The reality is fearful enough. I sent for you to tell you everything," he continued, nervously, and with a haste evidently intended to prevent me from speaking. "The only hope I have left is that, with your great skill and experience, you may be able to help me when you do know all. But not to-night. Let us have one evening of rest, devoted to recalling old times. Besides, there is some one else to be consulted—"

As he spoke, the door behind us opened and a young lady entered, who walked straight

to his side, making me a slight bow as she passed, and laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder. He raised his eyes to her fair face fondly, and then turned to me again.

"This is my only sister, Will Warde," he said, taking her other hand in both of his, "my little sister Alice, of whom I was about to speak, as she came in. Of all the honored race of Vanderlyn, we alone are left, disgraced, despised—"

She moved her hand from his shoulder quickly, and laid it softly on his quivering lips. Her gentle eyes gazed tenderly into his with such a brave look of hope and comfort as, I pray Heaven, may shine into mine when I lie dying.

I was never sentimental, even in my callow days, and my hard profession had left me no time to think whether I had a heart or not. That question was answered then and there. I *had* a heart, for a moment, and then it was given away to sweet Alice Vanderlyn forever. What matters it that she never knew I loved her from the instant of our meeting, and that I grew to worship her as I learned the story of her life's sacrifice and self-devotion? What *can* it matter in this fleeting world, that she was never mine, and that the sunshine of her presence vanished so quickly from our lives. The memory of my love has softened all my after life, and my heart is still in her keeping—where we shall meet again, and never part—in the bright land beyond the grave!

But as she stood there, then, her sad brother's guardian angel, radiant with courage and strength, and in the full flush and charm of her young beauty, did it seem possible that her life had but one task to finish, and then end? No such dismal thought entered my mind as I sat, spell-bound, gazing into her dark, blue eyes, and watching the golden ripple of her sunny curls flowing down over her graceful shoulders. And yet I might have guessed it, had I been less hard by habit. "Whom the gods love die young," and in the eyes of those thus doomed one may read, as I did in hers, an underlying sadness not effectually hidden, even when this is most desired, by the brave cheerfulness with which these blessed ones meet the ills of life. Alice Vanderlyn had the courage of the ancient martyrs, and it enabled her to laugh and jest—to wear a sacred veil of smiles and mirth—while her very soul was fainting within her at the terrors which were surely driving her only brother into the grave. To

her he owed both his life and reason, for it was, indeed, a sore strait, as you shall learn, through which her unflinching fortitude sustained him—and you, who have brave hearts yourselves, may well imagine, when I learned the truth, I was ready to lay down my life for her who laid down hers for him.

It was best that I should thus anticipate some part of the dread catastrophe of this history. The only romance of my life is too sacred to me for further detail, and therefore I hasten to relate its mournful conclusion. Henceforth, the narrative will have as little to do with me and mine as the part I was forced to act in the drama will permit.

Alice Vanderlyn's first words to me are still treasured in my memory. When her brother had thus introduced us, she held toward me her little hand—how frail and white it looked in my great palm!—and sweetly said:

"I have heard of you so often, Mr. Warde, that I have learned to trust without ever having seen you. I am very, very glad you have come to us, at last; Dirk has longed for you so much."

"I am truly sorry, Miss Vanderlyn," I replied, "that I did not come when he first sent for me. If I had known he was so ill, as he now seems, I would have laid everything else aside—"

"Dirk is not ill, physically," she interrupted me hastily, "pray, don't mislead him. He is only oppressed by worries which I am sure your presence and aid will soon banish."

I saw at once that her constant effort, long continued I had no doubt, was to prevent her brother from believing himself much changed or worn. Of course, I seconded her from that moment, and did not again allude to the startling alteration in his appearance, which had so bewildered me on my arrival. Moreover, when I looked at her attentively, I saw that she also was suffering in spite of the cheerful manner and tone, which she steadily maintained. Her form was frail and thin, her face pale and wan, and her little hand, as it lay in mine, seemed fragile and unsubstantial as that of a fairy. Whatever was the cause of Dirk's premature old age, she too was afflicted by it, and the effect was only less upon her because of her greater courage. My curiosity to know the secret of such evident misery was growing almost ungovernable, but the idea came to me that I should best serve her by waiting their own

time to disclose it, and thus I restrained myself.

I made an attempt, therefore, to distract Vanderlyn's thoughts from his troubles by talking of our youth, and for some time we three chatted pleasantly, until Miss Alice left us to prepare our evening meal. Dick grew a little downcast in her absence, but I roused him by telling some of my best jokes, and when we were summoned to the table, in the dining-room, he sat down, laughing heartily—for which effect of my somewhat ponderous wit I was rewarded by seeing a genuine smile on his sister's charming face.

The supper was a good one—substantial country fare—and I was hungry enough from my journey to enjoy it heartily. Nothing special occurred while we discussed it, except that I noticed that when anything was wanted, not on the table, Miss Vanderlyn rose to get it herself, without summoning a servant. This, however, did not strike me as strange, for I knew that my hosts had been brought up with old-fashioned notions and helping one's self was one of these. So I thought it quite a matter of course, when the meal ended and Dirk and I had drawn our chairs near the great stove, to see Miss Alice begin to clear the table and wash up the dishes with her own hands.

There was something real homelike and comfortable, to me who scarcely knew what a home was, in watching the skillful housewife thus employed, and I began to dream dreams of the future, in which her bright presence was the central light. But her task was quickly finished, and she sat down near us, with something of the sewing or knitting kind to keep her pretty hands busy, and for nearly two hours we three chatted away briskly—I retailing to them the news of the day, of which they seemed singularly ignorant, and they repayed my exertions with eager questions and a cheerful mirth, to which the more I saw of them the more I felt sure they had long been strangers.

Indeed, so happy did they seem to be—and I really was—that, in spite of constantly seeing before me Dirk's melancholy transformation from youth to old age and her pale face, I quite forgot that I had been summoned to help them in peril and misery. But that pleasant evening was not destined to end without a startling reminder of their actual situation, by an occurrence at once inexplicable and dreadful—which, nevertheless, gave

me the first hint I had yet received of the nature of the mystery that was wearing away their lives.

It was past ten o'clock. For some moments neither of us had spoken, having fairly talked ourselves out, and I was beginning to realize that my long journey suggested early bedtime, when the silence was suddenly broken by the sound of heavy footsteps moving to and fro in the room directly overhead. They were very heavy steps—those of a large man in stout boots, I thought—but I should have paid them no attention, attributing them to some servant—as I did—if I had not as suddenly become conscious that Dirk's thin form was trembling as with an ague, that his sister's face was so white that she seemed about to faint, and that both were exchanging glances full of terror, though not surprise.

I stared at each, in turn, and was about to ask the meaning of their fear, when the door of the chamber overhead was heard to open, the footsteps passed along the upper hall to the head of the staircase, descending slowly two or three steps; and, then—with a shock that made the very walls tremble—a heavy body, as of a man, fell, rolling down the staircase to the very bottom. To this instantly succeeded a noise as of a glass breaking, and then a shrill scream, ending in a long-drawn, dismal groan, followed by profound silence. At the same moment a bright, almost dazzling flash of light ran round the room in which we sat, at a height of about three feet from the floor, as if the entire wall had momentarily opened, for about an inch in width all round, and a stream of lightning had poured in!

I started to my feet in dismay.

"One of your servants has fallen down stairs with a lamp," I cried, speaking my thought involuntarily, and I turned toward the door.

Before I could move a step, both brother and sister were clinging to my arms.

"Don't go, don't go!" cried Dirk, in tones trembling with fear; and Alice, with white lips, laid her tiny hand upon my breast.

"As heaven hears me," she said solemnly, "there is no living being in this house, save us three. It is no earthly sound that you have heard!"

I broke away from them. Before the meaning of her words occurred to me I was at the door, and threw it wide open. The great hall and the spacious oaken staircase were

instantly visible to me throughout their whole extent, flooded with light from a large lamp hanging from the ceiling. They were absolutely empty!

No fallen man groaning with his injuries; no broken glass scattered about; not even an overturned chair to account for the dreadful sounds I had heard. With a chill at my heart such I had never felt, even in the midst of the worst peril my profession had entailed, I turned toward my host. Clapsed in each other's arms, they stood motionless, where I had left them, regarding me with despairing eyes. I could not speak, but they saw what I would have asked in my face.

"You know, now," said Dirk, in a low, awe-struck tone, "why I am old before my time, and my darling sister is fading away unto death. This house is haunted!"

II.—THE TALE THAT WAS TOLD.

I NEED not say that I am a practical man—my calling would imply that—but I may say that I am, generally, pretty cool in the face of danger. Not even ghosts, though this was the first time I had ever encountered such foes, could disturb my nerves for any length of time, and though I freely acknowledge that I was amazed and shocked by this occurrence, I had a good night's rest in spite of it, and woke quite self-possessed the next morning.

Accordingly, it was with a clear head, and every sense alive to the importance of getting at the bottom of this mystery, that, after a good breakfast, I met Dirk in the library to listen to the history of his troubles. Both he and his sister had declined to enter upon this explanation the night before, on the plea that I wanted rest, and that they wished me to be quite myself, so that I might fully understand what I should hear. This was sensible; and as they assured me that when that particular sound was heard—they often having heard it before—nothing more happened the same night, I managed to make myself content until morning. Having no servants, for none would stay with them, Miss Alice was busy with her household duties, and did not join us in the library until her brother had told me all he knew.

With a comfortable pipe in my mouth, and a comfortable bottle of claret at my elbow, I disposed myself to listen comfortably, as he insisted—but the first words he uttered were so unexpected and shocking, that I quite for-

got to take things easy, and before he had half finished his strange story, my pipe was put quite out, literally and metaphorically. Picture that pale face, those gray hairs, and that wasted form, seated at my side, I knowing all the while that their possessor was younger than myself. See those feverishly-brilliant eyes fixed mournfully upon mine, and imagine, if you can, what I felt when these words fell from his trembling lips.

"Don't think I sent for you, Will, to exorcise these ghosts," he said, with a sad attempt at humor. "They are a dreadful reality, as you must acknowledge when you have seen and heard all the terrors of this old house, but we have endured them so long, that we could face them unaided to the bitter end, and they are not our chief trouble. No, it is because of your profession—because you are a shrewd and skillful detective, famous for ferreting out hidden guilt—that I have desired your aid. Will Warde, my old friend—help me, help me for my poor sister's sake, if you can. When the next grand jury for this county meets I shall be indicted for murder!"

My mouth opened so quickly that my pipe fell down upon the table with a crash that made us both start. If he was suspected of murder, if there was enough evidence afloat to procure his indictment for such a crime, why was he not arrested? Was Dirk Vanderlyn crazy? My thought shaped itself into hasty words. He smiled, after a melancholy sort, and shook his head.

"As sane as you are, Will," he said calmly, "and it speaks well for my strength of mind, after all I have suffered. I have told you the simple truth."

"Then why are you not arrested?" I burst out.

"Because only one man is base enough to suspect me of such a crime," he answered, "and he is a villain who has concealed his suspicions to attain his own ends. He will keep quiet until the grand jury for next month is organized, and then he will go before them with the seeming proofs he has laboriously collected, and the indictment will follow without doubt."

"But surely, if he believes you guilty, he must fear that you will escape, if left at large."

"He does not imagine that I even guess what he has been doing," answered Dirk, wearily, "much less what he is going to do. Nor do I think he believes me guilty, though the apparent proof he has gathered might

convince even a less prejudiced person."

"Who is this man?" I asked, abruptly.

"One who professes to be my warmest friend, and yet is my deadliest foe," replied Vanderlyn: "a suitor for my sister's hand; by name, Herman Walton."

"For your sister's hand?" I repeated, sharply. "Impossible!"

"Quite possible to be a suitor," said Dirk, with a faint smile at my vehemence, "but impossible, as you say, that he should be successful in his suit. There lies the secret of his enmity to both of us."

I began to see a faint light gleaming through this double mystery—but I wanted more.

"How did you find out," I asked, "that this Walton had been collecting testimony against you, and meant to accuse you?"

His answer startled me even more than anything he had yet said.

"Through the ghosts, who torture us, here, night and day," was what he said.

My eyes ached with the stare I gave him. Either my friend and client was very mad, indeed, or—here was another gleam of light.

"Whom does he think you killed?" was my next question.

"My uncle Max," responded Vanderlyn, "from whom I inherited this estate."

I sat back in my armchair, and for some moments pondered in silence over what I had heard. I should have little claim to the name of a skillful detective, if I had not not already been able to form some sort of a theory upon which I could act, in endeavoring to find the clue to this enigma. I *did* construct such a theory very speedily, but what it was it would be premature to disclose. For the present I need only say that when I had thoroughly reckoned up the case, as far as I had gone into it, I felt much more cheerful about it, and tried to make my poor friend so, too.

"Begin at the very beginning of your troubles, Dirk," I said at last, "and tell me everything. Don't omit anything because it seems to you trivial. It is often through the smallest chinks that the light penetrates first. Cheer up, old fellow! the case is by no means as black as you believe it to be."

Confident as my tone was, it needed something more than such vague encouragement to dispel the gloom which had been gathering about him so long. Yet it had some effect, as I was glad to see, and it was with a steady voice that he began his narrative.

"My inheritance brought all my troubles with it, Will," said he. "My grandfather, Jacob Vanderlyn, had four sons, of whom my father was the youngest, and as it was publicly known, long before he died, that Jacob's will left the bulk of the estate to his eldest son surviving him. When you and I left school together there was little chance that I should ever possess it. Far off chance as it was, however, it happened. My two eldest uncles were killed in a stage-coach accident, while journeying, strange to say, to be married to two sisters to whom they had long been engaged. My father died of cholera within a year thereafter, and my grandfather survived him only a few months. My uncle Max, therefore, came into possession of the property, and as he was a widower without children, Alice and myself were his presumptive heirs.

"We were poor enough before that, for my father left us very little, and we were not greatly benefited, at first, by this change in our prospects. The estate, large in extent of land, was not very productive, and the income barely sufficed, in its best days, to keep up the style in which the head of the family had always lived. I was not surprised, therefore, when my uncle Max informed me that he could make us no separate allowance, but that we must make our home with him. I was astonished, nevertheless, to find, after we had taken up our abode here, that all the old-time hospitality of the house had vanished, and that our expenses were limited to the bare necessities of life.

"We were not long in perceiving the truth, that uncle Max was a confirmed miser; and, moreover, one of the strangest of men in his opinions and habits. He had been wild in youth—had wandered all over the world in strange company, it is said, and had never led a settled life until he married. If his wife had lived, he might have been like other men; but she died within six months after their marriage, and I believe her loss affected his reason.

"It was certainly the fact that his habits, if generally known, would have rendered him liable to the charge of insanity. He kept but one servant, an old crone, deaf and parcel-blind. He slept only during the day, wandering about the house, or in the garden, all night. His principal occupation was working at a blacksmith's forge, which he set up in a cellar—passing every hour of the day—

light there, when he was not sleeping, and sometimes half the night—and he went only half clad, winter and summer, in ragged linen garments, foul with oil and soot from his forge. Finally, he always seemed to be in perpetual dread of some terrible calamity, his eyes glared with a continual fear, and at the least unusual noise he would shake and tremble, as if in an ague fit.

"These things would have excited in me only pity, not anger, for my father's brother, if he would have allowed me to preserve my own self-respect, and have refrained from persecuting Alice. His penuriousness irritated me beyond measure, for we were half-starved and could not appear decently clad among our neighbors, and he absolutely forbade me procuring work for myself under penalty of disinheritance. But his conduct to Alice was far worse, as you shall hear.

"My uncle's only intimate was this Herman Walton I have mentioned. Though Walton was twenty years his junior, my uncle was completely under his influence, and they were constantly together. No other neighbor ever visited here; but this man came constantly, night and day. I have always been puzzled to know what the secret was of this youth's control over the morose old man, but it is useless to guess.

"Alice and myself disliked Walton excessively though he took great pains to ingratiate himself with us, and professed the warmest friendship. We thought him sly, deceitful and untruthful, and you can imagine our surprise and disgust when my uncle abruptly announced that he had promised the hand of Alice to his precious friend. Alice peremptorily refused to listen, for an instant, to such a proposal, and I flew into a rage, telling my uncle my mind without measuring my words.

"Our rebellion did not alter the old man's determination one jot, and the succeeding three weeks passed in a domestic war too painful to recall. I remonstrated without avail, and unfortunately told uncle Max—many times and in the presence of others—that he would bitterly repent his tyranny and injustice to his brother's children, for we had made up our minds to accept disinheritance, and quit his house forever. The insane old man was like a rock, and went on making his preparations for the wedding, as if we had never spoken.

"One evening, nearly two years ago—the last night we ever expected to pass beneath

this roof—my sister and I were in the dining-room, sadly talking about our future, when Max Vanderlyn suddenly entered, closely followed by Walton. Without a word of preface, the old man harshly told Alice that her wedding had been arranged for the day but one following, and that if she refused to consent, both she and I should be turned out of the house on the next morning. Alice attempted to reply, but I stopped her. My blood was boiling in my veins, and I only wonder, now, that I restrained myself to mere words. As it was, I poured out my wrath on both of them, in a flood of menace and invective, at thought of which I have often shuddered since. Finally, I told my uncle, in a fury of passion, that if sudden death, or any other dire misfortune befell him he alone would be to blame, for Heaven would surely appoint some instrument to cut short his unblest career. Herman Walton heard all this, and shrinking before the storm of my anger, both left the room in silence.

"One hour after, a little past ten o'clock, Alice and I went up stairs to our rooms, intending to pack our clothes and leave the house that night. Her room was next to mine, with a door open between. While busy with our task, I heard the door of my uncle's room, opposite mine, open, and his heavy footsteps passing along the hall to the head of the stairs. Last night you heard the ghostly echo of the sounds that followed—the fall, the jar, the crash of breaking glass, and the cry ending in a groan. I dashed into the hall and down the staircase. At its foot lay my uncle Max, with his neck broken and his clothes on fire from the flame of the lamp he had been carrying!

"I sprang through the flames, seized a large rug which lay at the hall door, cast it upon his prostrate form, and soon smothered the fire. I had scarcely succeeded in this, when Alice came gliding down the staircase, her face blanched to a death-like whiteness, pointing with her outstretched arm to something behind me. I turned quickly. The hall door was open, and on the threshold stood Herman Walton, an evil smile upon his sly face! He was gone before I could speak to him, and brother and sister were standing alone beside their dead.

"It did not occur to me, then, that it was strange Walton had not remained to help me, for I attributed it to his selfishness; and for the same reason I did not wonder at his

absence from the inquest. I casually heard, soon afterward, that he had left home for a long journey, and thought no more of him for many a day.

"The verdict at the inquest was death by accident, and as no will could be found, I entered into undisputed possession of the estate. Max Vanderlyn was reverently buried, and when time had enabled us to recover from the shock of his sad death, we began to take some order about our new wealth. A necessary search for my uncle's papers abundantly proved him a thorough miser, for from every nook and cranny in his chambers, where such things could be hidden, coin and jewels and valuable securities were brought to light. This did not surprise us, but something else we found astonished us greatly. I gathered all the hidden coin together, and took it to the local bank for deposit. Among this were two boxes—one of gold eagles, containing just one hundred, and the other of silver dollars, two hundred in number. These had been found in a place by themselves, under a loose plank in the floor of his bedroom. Imagine my amazement when the bank pronounced these two parcels of coin counterfeit. All the rest were genuine, and I could only conjecture that he had been cheated into receiving these for some debt, and his habit of hiding money had prevented his discovery of the cheat, for the coins were excellent imitations. Their loss was of no moment to us, for we were richer than we had ever cared to be, and more than content.

"Time passed, the wretched memory of our uncle's death softened in our minds, and we began to enjoy life, resuming intercourse with our neighbors. In this society we again met Herman Walton, who persisted, from the first, in forcing his friendship upon me, and in paying Alice such attentions as she would permit. We were only decently civil to him, but he finally had the assurance to offer himself again to Alice, and when she refused him, he wrote to me insolently, asking me to use my influence with her in his behalf. I answered him curtly, declining to do so, and for a time we saw and heard no more of him.

"But the happy life we had entered upon was of short duration. Very soon after my uncle's death we began to hear strange noises in the house, and these disturbances gradually increased in violence and frequency, until no

servant would stay with us. Then figures began to be seen in the grounds at night, and twice I saw dark forms moving through the hall. At last one night, about eight months after the funeral, we were sitting in the dining-room and heard the sounds which startled you last night, the ghostly reproduction of the accident which caused Max Vanderlyn's death.

"From that time, more than a year since, we have known little peace except to-day. I need not detail all we have seen and heard, for I have no doubt you will hear and see the same things, if you stay. But of one particular manifestation I must tell you. It has only occurred within the last two months, but it has been repeated many times, in various forms, during that period.

"Neither Alice nor myself are naturally credulous or superstitious, and it was long before we convinced ourselves that these things were supernatural, but constant watching and searching has failed to detect any trick, or any natural cause for them. Moreover, we soon discovered a design in them to warn us of some impending danger, and to attract our attention particularly, to the great gable-room over the porch, which was my uncle's bed-chamber. In that room the worst manifestations have occurred—except the noise of the fall down the staircase—and therefore we have searched every nook and corner of that room and watched in it many times. There I first saw the peculiar phenomenon of which I have spoken. On the east wall of that room there has twice been visible to me, in letters of fire, this warning, 'Beware of Herman Walton—murderer, escape!'

"Within the last month this warning has been conveyed to us in various other ways—by voices in the dead of night, by words written in the dust gathered upon tables—and, lastly, by this paper which I found, only four days ago, upon the table in the hall when I came down in the morning."

Vanderlyn drew the paper from his pocket, as he spoke, and handed it to me. Upon it I found, printed with a pen, not written, these words:

"This is your last warning—escape while you have the chance. Herman Walton will go before the next grand jury and denounce you as the murderer of your uncle."

As I have stated, Miss Alice had joined us before her brother finished his narrative.

Both now sat looking at me, in silence, with wistful eyes. All I said to them was:

"I shall sleep to-night in that very room."

III.—IN THE GABLE-ROOM.

THE remainder of that day was devoted by me to a strict cross-examination of my clients, as to what they had seen and heard of a supernatural character, and to a thorough search of the mansion, from garret to cellar. In that search I discovered many things which gave me some satisfaction, but I convinced myself that there was absolutely no way by which human beings could gain access to the interior of the house, from the outside, after the doors and windows were securely fastened, and no hiding-place in which evil-disposed persons could conceal themselves, before the house was locked up each night, which would not have been discovered by Dirk in the strict searches he had made when the ghosts were most active. Moreover, the nature of the manifestations—as testified to by both my clients—was such that it seemed impossible they could be produced by living men, without the aid of elaborate machinery which could not have been hidden. No adequate explanation of the phenomena presented itself except that which admitted their ghostly nature, and when I had as thoroughly examined the grounds outside, as I had the interior of the house, I was no nearer a solution of the mystery than I had been at first.

The search of the gable-room I left to the last, preferring to make it by myself after I had retired for the night. I confess that I was completely puzzled by the result of my inquisition thus far, but I encouraged myself by reflecting that this was my first experience with ghosts, and doubtless I should find out their object in thus persecuting my friends, when I came face to face with them personally, as I sincerely hoped I should that night. The theory which I have said I formed at first, still held good, and I was not disposed to abandon it easily; but the facts, so far, did not fit into it at all, and when we sat down to supper that evening, I had begun to fear that it would be of no use to me whatever.

All day long I had done my best to cheer up the good folks who had called me to their aid, and during our meal, I had the pleasure of perceiving that they were much more

hopeful than when I arrived. Miss Alice was full of quiet fun, and Dirk looked ten years younger. Their chief fear, now, was of the danger I might incur by sleeping in their dead uncle's chamber, and it was not until I had agreed that they might lie down without undressing, so that they could come at once to my assistance, if called upon, that they were at all satisfied on that point.

As for myself I ate very little, though I made much show of a hearty appetite. The grateful glances which shone upon me from the dark eyes of my lovely hostess set every nerve in my body tingling with a painful delight, and all the evening I was so busily engaged in building castles in the air, under their tender influence, that many times I so blundered in replying to simple questions as to set my hearers laughing heartily. Alas, alas! would those bright visions ever have been realized if the dreadful future had not been so very, very black? Those were the last truly happy hours of my life. Let me think no more of them lest my manhood desert me utterly.

I had insisted that they should retire to their rooms as usual, keeping their proposed watch there if they pleased, and when ten o'clock came I gave the signal for departure. Nothing strange had yet occurred to disturb us, but scarcely had I taken my candle in my hand when the crash and fall upon the staircase, the jingle of breaking glass and the groan again smote our ears. As before I was at the door in an instant. The hall was as empty and silent as on the previous night, and I lost no time in gaining the head of the staircase, closely followed by my friends. The upper hall was as empty as the lower, and the silence was so profound that our labored breathing, as we stood there staring at each other, sounded painfully loud.

"I fear you will keep your watch for nothing to-night," said Dirk at last, in a low tone. "Every time we have heard that sound nothing more has occurred, after it, the same night."

"I shall try it, nevertheless," I answered, loudly, my voice waking the echoes of the hall, somewhat startlingly, "and every night hereafter, until I am successful. Go down and put out the lights below, Dirk, and get to bed at once. We shall do no good by staying up longer."

He obeyed quickly, and when I had seen them both safe in their rooms, with the doors

shut, I took my way boldly along the hall to the mysterious room which I could not help thinking of as the chamber of the dead man. Entering it noisily, and closing the door with a loud bang, I put my candle upon a table in the centre of the floor, and taking a seat in an arm-chair near, I made a deliberate survey of the apartment.

It was a singular place, truly—certainly the gloomiest room I ever sat in. About twenty feet square, it occupied the whole interior space of the gable, and seemed larger than it really was from the fact that its only ceiling was the peaked roof of the gable itself, thus making it very lofty. Overhead I could see the great beams of the roof, carved with queer figures and dark with age, stretching upward until they were lost in the shadows of the peak. Half-way up the slope of the roof, slender cross-beams spanned the space, looking marvelously like gibbets ready for the halter. A whole troop of fiends might have lurked invisible in that dusky crypt, hidden in the darkness which is their delight.

The entrance door was in the south wall, and in the face of the gable, fronting the north, were two tall and very narrow windows, surmounted by gothic arches, and having their sides sloped like casemates, so that outwardly they presented mere slits in the thick wall. The east and west walls had no windows, and around the whole room ran an oak wainscot, almost black with polishing and age, which extended from the floor to a height of two feet above my head. Over this, to the eaves, nothing but the gray stone of which the house was built presented itself.

In each corner, crossing it diagonally, appeared a door, of the same color as the wainscot, but paneled and ornamented with carvings, evidently communicating with a closet, and all four of these were surmounted by hideously grotesque figures, probably Indian idols. The great bedstead, a high-posted affair with an arched top and curtains, looking like a tomb, stood against the south wall between the door and the southwest closet. A large bureau, with an immense mirror over it stood on the other side of the door; several high-backed chairs were disposed in various places. Under one window was the washstand; the chimney, with its arched fire-place, ran up the north wall between the windows, projecting some distance into the room—and under the other window stood a long, narrow, brass-bound chest of black

wood, looking marvelously like a coffin! There was no carpet on the floor, which was composed of alternate strips of walnut and oak, highly polished.

Such was the aspect of the gable-room; and when I had noted all its features carefully, I divested myself of my coat and proceeded to make a thorough search of it from end to end. I looked into and under every piece of furniture, I crawled under the bed, I went into each of the four closets, I climbed upon the mantel and peered into the dusty depths of the peak, I examined each plank of the floor, and the whole extent of the wainscot and walls. Nothing strange rewarded my exertions. The closets were empty, save of dust—the furniture was ordinary furniture—the bedstead commonplace and comfortable. There were no traps in the floor of the room, no secret panels in the walls, no openings therein of any kind except the door and windows. Through the windows no living man could get, they were so narrow—and before the door I piled three chairs, which must be thrown down if any one attempted to enter there.

But though I found and saw nothing strange, I heard something. During every pause in my search, when I stood still for any purpose, I became conscious of low, whispering voices about me; and from time to time I caught the sound of faint, far off, chuckling laughter—as though the ghosts were exulting in my fruitless labor! When I sat down to rest, at last, it was with a cold, creeping sensation in every nerve, as if my body realized the close contact of the invisible and felt the clammy touch of the dead in ghostly warning.

But my nerves never mastered me long, and calmness speedily returned when I reflected that hallucinations of hearing were the common effect of an over excitement of the brain. When I was quite myself again I got up, turned down the bedclothes and slowly undressed—keeping up, as the owl did, a d—l of a thinking all the while. Being, at last, perfectly ready to turn in, I put the matches close to the candlestick on the table, so that I might get hold of them in an instant, and then I blew out the light.

After which I proceeded to dress myself again from top to toe, boots and all, as quickly as I could accomplish it, in the dark!

Then I crawled noiselessly into the bed, covered myself up to my chin, and with a

cocked revolver firmly grasped in my right hand under the clothes, awaited events with as much patience as I could muster.

How long I lay thus, motionless, expectant, quivering with watchfulness, I cannot say. Probably not more than twenty minutes, but it seemed to me as many hours, and at length, in spite of myself, I began to grow drowsy. In another minute I should have been asleep, when I suddenly became conscious of a choking sensation as if I was breathing acrid smoke, and instantly afterward, that there was a light in the room.

Without making a sound I cautiously raised myself on my left elbow, drew my revolver up across my breast, and peeped out under the folds of the curtain which I had drawn back before getting into bed.

What was it that I saw?

I hardly expect any sane man to believe the story, but this is what I *did* see in sober truth.

The door of the northeast closet, directly fronting me as I lay, was wide open, and out of it issued a pale, phosphorescent light, which faintly illumined the entire east end of the chamber. In its gleam floated a thin, bluish cloud, like the vapor which rises from a marsh with the first rays of the summer sun. This cloud extended quite across the end of the room and as high as the wainscot, which it partly obscured. As I watched, it grew denser toward the centre, and there slowly assumed the outlines of a human form—but a form without flesh, a grisly skeleton!

In a few seconds it became distinctly defined, and without moving its limbs, glided slowly forward until it reached a position about half-way between the wainscot and the bedside. There it halted, wavering and tremulous as a flame wavers in a slight upward current of air, and raising its right arm above its head, seemed to threaten me with its bony fingers clenched. At the same moment a hollow voice, sounding as if it came from the bottom of a deep well, pronounced these words:

"Fly this accursed house, or prepare for death!"

Above my head stretched the beams so like to gibbets, and beyond them the dusky gloom of the high peak, so readily peopled, in fancy, by grinning goblins. On the floor, in full view, lay the mysterious chest so like a coffin, its brazen clasps glittering like fierce eyes

glaring out of the darkness. Before me floated the grim spectre in the midst of the blue cloud, its bones shining horribly in a ghastly light like that which flickers above dead men's graves. The echo of that sepulchral voice rang in my ears like the boom of a distant bell, and its awful threat chilled my heart, as if it already felt the pressure of the icy hand that should stop its pulsing.

A braver man than myself might have been pardoned for the sick, faint feeling which oppressed me, but I had still sufficient resolution left to try an experiment which should conclusively test the supernatural character of the vision. My revolver was ready cocked in my hand. An instant sufficed to draw it from its concealment, aim it point-blank at the spectre, and fire. The crash of the explosion shook the very roof, the tiny cloud of smoke whirled up from the barrel, and I saw the bullet strike splinters from the dark wainscot directly behind the ghost, through which it had passed harmless.

And, as the splinters flew from the wall, a wild laugh of mockery and triumph rang through the chamber!

But in the midst of that demoniac laugh, my sharp ear had caught another sound—a smothered cry of pain, and a muttered oath. In a second I had torn back the bedclothes, and with one mad bound, I sprang into the centre of the floor, directly upon the spot over which the ghost hovered. My form passed through the spectre, as through a vapor, without meeting any resistance—and as I turned to face it again, it suddenly vanished, and with it the ghostly light that had streamed from the closet door!

The blinding darkness which thus terribly fell upon me was horrible in the extreme, but without a thought of hesitation I dashed at the closet door, found it by instinct, and thrusting my body boldly within it, so as to block up the space between the wainscot and the wall behind, presented my revolver, and fired again.

Not a minute had elapsed between the two shots. I heard a cry of fear, apparently issuing from the wall at my side, followed by a scrambling sound, as of some one forcing a way through a narrow passage. Simultaneously, a noise of hurrying footsteps echoed in the hall without, the door of the chamber was forcibly thrust open, throwing the chairs I had piled up to the floor with a tremendous crash, and Dirk Vanderlyn burst in, bearing

in one hand a gleaming lamp, and in the other a drawn sword.

"Quick, Dirk, quick!" I shouted, without moving from my post. "Down with the lamp and dash at the closet door! I've been too fast for the ghosts this time, and one of 'em is caged in the passage here."

He obeyed promptly, but hardly had he put the lamp on the table and turned toward the door of the southeast closet, when it was dashed open from within, and the frightful figure of a man whose face was covered with blood, issuing from a wound on his forehead, darted forth. In his right hand he brandished a huge bowie-knife, and if ever Satan looked forth from mortal eyes, that fiend glared now, in wrath and fear, from the eyes of that desperate wretch.

"Herman Walton!"

The words were pronounced behind me, and were followed by a stifled scream. I turned quickly, and beheld Alice Vanderlyn standing in the doorway of the chamber, clothed in white garments, and staring, with a face as white as the villain whose name she had uttered.

He heard her, as he stood at bay glaring at his captors, and the light of a savage triumph leaped up into his bloody face.

"You've caught me, blast ye!" he cried, hoarsely, "but by —! I'll have revenge!" and with uplifted weapon, he rushed at Dirk.

I sprang after him but my foot caught on something, and I was thrown headlong upon the floor. Poor Dirk's feeble frame opposed the coward vainly, and though his sword wounded the ruffian again, he was instantly thrown down and at the villain's mercy; but with a thrilling cry of horror, Alice darted between them and threw herself upon her brother's prostrate form, to shield it from his foe.

I twisted myself violently round upon my side, and leveled my pistol. My finger pressed the trigger, as the gleaming knife began its descent. The bullet crashed through his brain—but, alas, alas! not in time to divert the murderous thrust!

The souls of Alice Vanderlyn and her murderer went forth at the same instant—to meet, accuser and accused, in the presence of the just Judge!

* * * * *

I have no heart to dwell on this sad tale longer than I can help, and what I have yet

to say must be briefly told. Doubtless the theory I had formed, from the first, to account for the mystery of Vanderlyn Manor, has been in part, at least, divined by the reader, and I have only to say that it proved, in the main, correct.

Max Vanderlyn had known the stings of poverty in youth, and unaccustomed to the restraint of his desires, was careless how he found means to gratify them. Long before he inherited the family estate, he had joined a gang of counterfeiters, of which, when the property fell to him, he had become the chief. Too old now to enjoy other pleasures, he had grown miserly and coveted gold for its own sake. Therefore he had no thought of breaking his connection with the gang, but, on the contrary, made the manor their headquarters. By their own labor, an immense vault was built under the porch, and the ground in front of it, and by substituting hollow iron columns for the two stone pillars that upheld the east side of the gable, entrances to the vault were obtained not easily to be discovered.

In the northeast column they placed an iron ladder, which, though narrow, afforded easy access to the gable-room; its trap-door, in the corresponding closet, being fitted so nicely to the floor as to escape any ordinary scrutiny. The forge set up by the old man, in the cellar of the mansion, was a blind to account for the smoke of the counterfeiters' furnace, which escaped by the same flue. My examination, subsequently, of this secret work-shop, proved that it was the most complete laboratory, for this nefarious purpose, ever constructed.

Herman Walton was a member of the gang, and next in authority to the old man. He had wished to marry Alice, not so much from love—a wretch of his character could never have truly valued such a treasure—as from a desire to gain a residence at the manor, when the old man should die, and to have a hold upon Dirk, if the latter should ever discover his evil trade, selfishly calculating that Vanderlyn would never betray the husband of his only sister. Failing in this, his aim was to induce Max Vanderlyn to drive his brother's children from their home, and

in this he would have succeeded but for the old man's sudden death.

His only hope now was to frighten them away, and accordingly the ghostly sights and sounds were manufactured, and to them was soon added the threat of accusing Dirk of the murder of his uncle. Unluckily for the plotter, Dirk and Alice not only never doubted that the visitation was really supernatural, but they were early impressed with the idea that the ghosts wished to impart some important intelligence which they should lose if they left the place. They, therefore, struggled with their terrors and remained, and no doubt Walton would have been driven to his last expedient of denunciation, if I had not appeared upon the scene.

None of the gang were captured, and I never quite understood how Walton and his confederates produced the ghostly effects which so imposed on my unfortunate friends. I discovered, however, the rope, the log of wood, and the bag of broken glass, by which the fall down the staircase was simulated. These were simply arranged *under* the staircase, the log sliding down a frame so as to bounce against the bottom of the steps, as it fell. The machinery producing the skeleton in the blue cloud, was also found—a skillful arrangement of mirrors and a magic lantern, thrust up into the closet from the staircase in the iron pillar—a combination now widely known as the "ghost effect" on the stage. If Dirk, or Alice, had ever slept in the gable-room—which it was the evident intention of much of the ghostly drama to induce them to do—it is probable that the villain would have attained his end, and they would have been frightened from the house. The rascal, like most rascals, had shown an amount of invention, which ought to have made his fortune in some honest business. But like all of his kind, he had invented too much, and over-reached himself.

Dirk Vanderlyn sold the manor, and wandered for many years in foreign lands, a sad and lonely man. He rests, now, in peace, at the side of his sweet sister, and I am left alone, wearily waiting for the welcome summons which shall bid me meet them in the land where evil cannot come.

Charles Porter Sumner.

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

Not in the lordly halls of pride,
Where gold and gems are gleaming,
Where the fountain plashes its mimic tide,
And music lulls to dreaming,
Where silver lamps shed mellow light,
And song and dance wear out the night,
Where all, like the Pharisee's cup of woe,
Is glitter and glare and outward show,
And the flush of the brow, and the beat of the heart,
Are the studied tricks of deep-skilled art,
Where all is hollow and false and cold,
And selfishness is king of all,
Where love like a slave is bought and sold,
And pride forgets its threatened fall :

Not there would I seek for a kindred soul
To weave its trembling chords with mine,
For I know the warm blood's quickening roll
Begins at the call of dark design ;
I know the eye that droops its gaze
So modestly now will fiercely blaze,
Should ever a cloud o'ershade our path,
And wake its carefully buried wrath ;
I know the cheek that is blushing now,
In quick reply to the crimson brow,
Would gleam with a tide no art could curb,
And the brow would burn more crimson still,
Should the ills of changeful life disturb
The rolling current of wayward will.

To the humble home of the meek of heart,
Where peace of mind and truth abide,
Where heaven and love their joys impart,
My wandering feet would turn aside.
There midnight finds no revel throng,
No tempting dance, no ill-timed song ;
But slumber waves its silent wing,
And angels dreams of gladness bring—
Such dreams as sweeten the cup of woe,
And smooth the pilgrim's path below :

There all is kind and true and warm,
 And pride from every thought is riven;
 There safe they ride life's sea of storm
 Till anchored in the port of heaven.

There would I seek a heart to share
 Life's varied scenes of good and ill,
 Content earth's irksome toils to bear,
 Submissive to fate's changing will:
 For I know the soul is good and kind
 That never at fortune's frown repined;
 The heart that has kept itself from pride
 May by every other sin be tried,
 Yet pass as scathless as of yore
 The three the fiery furnace bore.
 Aye, Truth in the humblest home is found,
 And smiling Friendship meets us there,
 Love showers unnumbered blessings round,
 And wreathes in flowers the thorns of care.

Frank. J. Ottarson, F. C. P.

A LESSON ON DEMOCRACY.*

YOU have invited me to be the president of your Institute for the year. I look over the list of those who have preceded me in this office, and I see the names of men supremely distinguished in science and literature, and I naturally feel somewhat embarrassed in the position in which I stand. In most respects, my office is a sinecure—a great honor to me, but an honor which carries no authority with it. I have nothing to do with the working of the Institute; I do not know in any detail the subjects with which you are occupied. Personally, you are almost all strangers to me, but you expect me to make you an address; and an address, if it is not to be a mere vague declamation, implies something in common between the speaker and his audience. I am myself a mere literary student; you are busy men—busy in one of the great centres of the practical and political life of England. What topic am I to select on which I can speak and you will care to listen to me?

You wish me, I presume, to take some historical subject. But history is the record of

all that men have thought and said and done and made of themselves since the beginning of time, and that is a very wide field, indeed. I might take, if I liked, some critical or striking epoch in English annals and talk about that for an hour or two, but I do not see of what use it would be. A lecture may be worth something, if it is addressed to a class who are themselves studying the subject of it. It is no value at all when it is a mere display of the lecturer's opinions on a subject of which his hearers have no particular knowledge, and do not care to acquire any. They cannot judge whether he is talking sense or nonsense, and it is of no consequence to them whether it be one or the other. If he can hold their attention they will listen to what he has to say; but they will go away and forget all about it—perhaps the wisest thing that they can do.

I do not wish to waste your time or my own either, and, therefore, having the world before me, I have considered what is the greatest common interest which you and I have together. I find it in the relation in which we all stand together at this time to

* Address to the Institute, Birmingham, England, November 3, 1882.

our common country. When John Knox once spoke freely to Queen Mary about some of her doings in Scotland, the Queen asked him who he was, that he dared to speak thus to his sovereign. Knox answered, "I am a plain citizen of this commonwealth, madam." We are all citizens of this English commonwealth, but we, the people of England, are also in some sense now the sovereigns of England. It has been governed by kings; it has been governed by an aristocracy; it is now governed by the people. What the people say shall be done, will be done; what the people say shall be the law will be the law; and you in particular, in this town, have not the least to say in this matter. The destinies of this great empire are now wholly in the hands of the nation itself, and we all collectively will have to answer to those who come after us for the condition to which we bring it.

I have chosen, therefore, for our subject on this occasion the fortunes of some other commonwealths, which passed through the same stages which we have passed through, and arrived at the same result, where privilege of class was extinguished, where all the citizens had equal political rights, and the power was vested in the numerical majority. We have their history before us; we can see how they rose, how they acted, and to what end they came. There is no special virtue in the form of a constitution, as if any constitution could be devised which would enable a country to go on mechanically when once the form was completed. Nations, like individuals, succeed or fail as they manage their affairs well or ill. Wise action depends on knowledge, and a chart which shows the rocks and shoals where other free communities have gone to pieces, ought to be welcome to all of us.

You have all heard, at least, in a general way, of Athens and Sparta, and Thebes and Argos, and such places. They were the leading commonwealths among a multitude of independent states—states which were scattered over the whole of continental Greece, over the islands of the Archipelago, along the coasts of Italy and Sicily, and even North Africa. Each, as a rule, was independent of every other; each had its own constitution, and made its own wars and revolutions exactly as it pleased. The Hellenic race had the same passion for freedom which we have. These separate centres of political and intellectual life stimulated each others emulation;

and small as the whole race was, according to modern notions, they made so much of themselves that the names of their illustrious men shine like fixed stars in the pages of human history. They have left works of art behind them which later sculptors have scarcely approached and have never excelled, and a literature, poetry, philosophy, and history which are the purest intellectual treasures that the world possesses.

Mere spots they were most of them. Birmingham alone would have cut up into half a dozen of them. Five or six thousand families were enough to form an independent community. But we find in their development all the phenomena with which we are familiar on our own larger stage, the same prejudices, the same passions, the same ambitions, the same struggles. They had their privileged classes, who believed that all the world was made for them to enjoy themselves in, and there were the workers outside who thought that they were entitled to a share of the good things, and at last to the whole of them. There were reform bills and revolutions, kingships passing into constitutions, constitutions into democracies, democracies perishing of their own excesses, and turning into despotisms. Such phenomena, recurring in innumerable instances and under all varieties of circumstances, point to tendencies in human nature itself, which we may expect to find wherever men of vigorous tempers are gathered into civil society. So like, indeed, was that old Greek world to our modern world, that one is tempted to believe, with Leibnitz, that we are but automatons after all, fancying ourselves free, yet going through our transmigrations as surely and with as little volition of our own as an acorn is metamorphosed into an oak or a caterpillar into a butterfly.

It may be asked why the larger grains of quicksilver did not swallow the small, why the stronger of these states did not annex the weak? They were constantly at war with one another. Why did they not follow up their victories by crushing their enemies down and taking their liberties away? The answer is that that it was against the genius of a free race. The Greeks, during a period of their greatness, held that liberty was the parent of everything that is excellent in men, and that each community had an inalienable right to govern itself in its own way. That was one reason. Another was, that they believed that

a state which aims at empire will have to pay for it by losing its own liberties. So strongly was this felt that they did not even attempt to keep in subjection their own colonies. Men who had been bred under free institutions desired necessarily to be no less free when they migrated elsewhere. They carried their liberty with them, and insisted on keeping it in its fullest measure; and the parent state was obliged to consent or to violate its own principles. A colony could be held against its will only by military force, and liberty, it was well understood, would have a short shrift at home when it meant tyranny abroad.

Athens only, in the height of her splendor, intoxicated by her great victories at Marathon and Salamis, attempted to form an empire. She constituted herself sovereign of the seas, and forced the island states to be her subjects. It was not the work of her hereditary nobles. It was not the work of ambitious soldiers. It was the work of the democracy led on by enthusiastic orators; and the result of it was, that after fifty years Athenian statesmen had come to believe that right and wrong were only words, and cynically to say so. Athens, the mother city of freedom, roused the genius of freedom itself to take arms against her. She fell after a struggle which stands recorded in the immortal pages of Thucydides. Her empire was torn from her. She was left free under the form of a constitution, but her spine was broken. Her glory and her greatness were gone forever.

Three centuries later another great republic went in for empire. The Roman generals brought under the Eagles half Europe and Asia, the whole of the then civilized world. They conquered it and they kept it; but to keep it they had to sacrifice their own liberties. If there be any general truth at all established by political experience, it is this: that one free people cannot keep subject to them against their wills other people of the same nature and aspirations as themselves. Kings may govern an empire, aristocracies and oligarchies may govern an empire, and the dependent states will submit because they are no worse treated than their fellow-subjects at home. But free nations are bound to respect in others the rights which they claim for themselves, and for a free nation to conquer another and hold it fast, and then tell it to govern itself under the forms of freedom in a way that shall be satisfactory to the conqueror, is a problem of

which no statesman has yet found a solution, and, I imagine, never will. The experiment can only end in one of two ways. Either the subject countries will be let go, or the conquering country itself will fall under the same authority as its dominions.

The smaller Greek states then remained, many of them for centuries, each working out for itself the condition of political existence. It would be merely confusing if I was to follow the history of them in detail; and there is no necessity for it. They were studied by one of the acutest men who ever wrote on political subjects. Aristotle surveyed them all, and drew from the examination certain principles on government in general, and on the dangers to which democratic states in particular were exposed. They were then very near their extinction. Their best days were over. Aristotle did not write as a patriot or as a prophet. He wrote as a scientific observer with the phenomena complete in his hands.

The mother states, like Athens and Thebes, and Sparta, and many others, had begun as monarchies. According to the story, their first kings had been the sons of the Olympian gods. They had been men at any rate of energy and genius, and young communities, before laws and customs had had time to grow, necessarily remained under some capable leader or leaders. When a king died, his son or his brother was his natural successor. Sensible men wished to avoid disputes, and inheritance was a rough-and-ready rule which came first to hand. It was true that the sons of the sons of gods were only grandsons of gods, and the virtue might be attenuated. But the lineage was good. Children of illustrious fathers had a noble example before them and had been nobly trained, and if they lost the confidence of the people they soon lost their thrones. The early princes were indeed like our own Plantagenets, rather the first among their peers than absolute sovereigns, and they continued to rule because they could do all that their subjects could do better than they. Homer's Ulysses was king of Ithaca, a little island no bigger than Jersey. Yet Ulysses filled the world with his name. He was first in battle, first in council, first as an orator, first in the athletic games. And this was not all. He was seaman, carpenter and shipwright, and husbandman. "Put me in a fallow with a yoke of oxen before me," he said; "put me in a meadow with a scythe

when the hay is ready for cutting, and let me see the man in Greece that can do a better day's work than I." The most high-spirited people saw no shame in being ruled by such chiefs as Ulysses, and while the breed lasted they did not ask for constitutions.

But the breed could not last forever. Not every Ulysses had a Telemachus for a son. To be born to high place may make one man into a hero, but it may make another into a blockhead or a profligate. You may remember Dr. Johnson's defense of primogeniture that it made but one fool in a family. In due time the sovereignty would fall to some prince who was vicious and incapable; but meanwhile, when great men died they did not die altogether; they left their minds behind them in the form of laws. In the place of personal power there grew up the power of laws, of which the whole community was the guardian. Kings and nobles then became less necessary; the people were able to manage much for themselves; and as all movements tend to continue till checked by some external form, from claiming much the people claimed the whole, and the power of the state came to rest in the votes of the majority of the citizens. But the process did not rest there. Democracies go on the principle that all men are equal; and this is not true, for nature has made them unequal. Some are wise, some foolish, some brave, some are cowards, some are industrious, some idle, some weak, some determined and strong. The superior nature leads the inferior. The inferior feels the difference and cannot help itself. Thus parties formed under ambitious chiefs, parties turned to factions, and factions to sedition. Law lost its authority, and as an escape from anarchy the boldest popular leaders became dictators and despots.

Thus in a hundred instances the familiar forms of political transformations were present before Aristotle's eyes like a set of specimens on a dissecting table. To give his inquiry method, he began with asking for what object political constitutions existed. "Man in society," he says, "is the best of animals. Man in a state of nature is the worst, for he has no law but his own will; his appetites are unbounded, and his superior faculty makes him the more able to gratify them. The object of civil society, therefore, is to cultivate the best part of man's nature, and to raise him from being a savage into a moral and intellectual being. If men are to live in

society they must consider others as well as themselves. Rules must be laid down for their conduct, and all are not equally able to judge what those rules should be. Some see clearer than others what ought or ought not to be done. Some are better natured than others, and are more ready to do right when it is shown them. Naturally, therefore, the ignorant and the bad must be guided in some way or other by those who are wiser and better than themselves."

But then the question rises who are the wise and who are the good. How are they to be discovered and placed in authority? Like seeks to like. The wise are the minority; and the majority are not likely to distinguish them. Nature offers her help. In the act of forming they have been led by some superior person to begin with. The high-bred horse produces the high-bred colt. When the father goes they take his son, thinking it probable that the virtue will be inherited. And, in fact, Aristotle says this is so in a certain measure, or the principle of inheritance would never have been submitted to as it has been. Blood does go for much, and breeding goes for much. Very brilliant qualities are often transmitted through several generations. Unfortunately, though nature does her best she sometimes fails. The heir may be a fool, or the line may degenerate altogether. Some other rule has to be looked for. Inheritance breaks down, and then men look to *wealth*. They choose those who have great possessions. Rich men have managed their own affairs well. It may be presumed that they will manage the affairs of the commonwealth well. They can attend to them, for they are not obliged to work. They will be above corruption, for they have enough already, and can afford to be impartial.

So men think, says Aristotle, but they find they are mistaken. Rich men never believe they have enough, and if you give them power they will use it for their own advantage. The means by which wealth is accumulated do not always point to the best kind of men, and often indicate the worst. Or, again, it may be inherited, and so indicate no fitness at all. A plutocracy, in fact, has all the faults of an aristocracy and none of its merits. To make political superiority a reward for money, is to set the whole community on making money as the first business of life, and thus demoralize every one.

What is to be done, then, Aristotle asks.

Where is wisdom to be found and what is the place of understanding? If, he says, any man or set of men were distinctly and visibly superior to the rest in intellect and character, so that there could be no comparison, such man, or men, as the matter of course, would rule the rest. Or, again, if there were any distinctly stronger than the rest, they would rule, because there would be nothing to prevent them. The hares and rabbits, he says, once petitioned the lions for equality of suffrage. The lions told them they must wait till their teeth and claws were grown. The barons at Runnymede, who forced Magna Charta out of King John, would have given the English people much the same answer. We talk of rights; but rights are abstract and the world is practical. There are only so many concrete rights in the world as there is power to enforce. You may say that men have a right to justice because they cannot be governed without some degree of it; but all have not a right to a share in the government till they are strong enough to insist upon their share, and what that share is to be depends on circumstances and on their own temperament. Warlike races whose business lies in fighting prefer to be under a chief. So do people who have warlike neighbors and are liable to invasion. The Israelites asked for a king, because they suffered from Philistines and Amalekites. Our colony of Natal refuses to be responsible for itself because of Cetewayo and the Zulus. The essential thing, Aristotle says, is that the government, whatever it is, shall be of a kind which possesses the confidence of the people. In average times, however, hard as the problem may be of finding out the ablest man, impossible as it may be to do it completely well, Aristotle's decided opinion was that countries ought to succeed the best, the level of life and character was likely to be higher, and the people happiest and best satisfied, where they made their own laws and themselves elected their own officers. Why then was it that all Greece was strewn with the wrecks of free constitutions? It was in part, he said, because the people when they obtained power had been in too great a hurry to alter their laws. They had assumed that laws were likely to be unfair which had come down to them from princes and nobles. They had not seen that, while the first condition of stability in a free constitution was that all ranks should be equally subject to law, law depended for its

observance on custom and reverence; and to familiarize men with the idea that it could be easily changed, was to break the back of its authority. All men agreed that the best and wisest ought to rule. The law was but the accumulated wisdom of the ablest men of many generations. It had no force save what it derived from the consent or respect of those who lived under it. It was not like a law of nature, which would enforce itself. It might need amending, but even real improvements did more harm than good if they shook the feeling of prescriptive reverence. In art and sciences new inventions might be adopted immediately. In politics, where so much depended on custom, the changes ought to be as few as possible, and always to be undertaken reluctantly.

From this it might be inferred that Aristotle was a Conservative, but he was true to the central principles of Liberalism, and he refused to admit that free constitutions had failed from the cause generally alleged to explain it. In self-governed states the power is with the numerical majority. It was said then, and it has been said in our time, that in every community the fools are in the majority. Dion Cassius, the historian, speaking of the fall of the Roman Republic, says that the change to the Empire was necessarily a change for the better, because the majority of people were always incapable of judging right even by accident; whereas the gods did occasionally send a wise emperor, though he admitted, not very often. The objection would perhaps be fatal if the fools always combined. Happily there are fools on both sides in politics, and it is a special characteristic of a fool that he generally chooses to have an opinion of his own. He likes to differ from his neighbor, to show his originality, and thus the agreement which would be dangerous is made impossible. It is true that there are circumstances which may make a whole population go mad together. There is such a thing as what the Germans call *Schwarmerei*, enthusiasm as we translate it, but it means "swarming," swarming as bees do, moving in a great wild mass together, they know not whither. And then come those revolutionary excesses which bring disgrace upon popular governments. But these cases are rare. Kings, and even infallible popes, have been also occasionally mad; and exceptions prove nothing. Aristotle defends the judgment of the majority

as likely to be on the whole more right than that of any individual person. A man may be very clever, very wise, wiser a great deal than any *one* of the mass of the people. But he may not be wiser than the whole of the rest collectively. The one wise man will have his prejudices and his vanities, and in large numbers prejudices and vanities neutralize one another. Aristotle says, and it is a very true observation, that the public are better judges of works of art and literature than artists and men of letters themselves. Artists and men of letters are sometimes jealous, sometimes narrow-minded. The public are impartial, and come to a better conclusion. The rule is not universal. Physicians can tell best of the merits of other physicians. Scientific men only can measure properly the character of scientific theories, because the outside public have not the means of forming an opinion. But even in such cases personal feeling occasionally intrudes, and the public, if fairly educated, are seldom far wrong in their verdicts. And, again, Aristotle observes that a man who lives in a house knows its merits better than the architect; and the guest at a dinner party can tell when a dish is well dressed better than the cook.

This is quite true, and it is a truth of the highest importance. It is a fact that in my own profession, for instance, the world is a better judge of literary merit than authors or critics. Shakespeare stands as high above all his contemporaries as the oak of the forest above the garden evergreens. But it was the world which found it out. Shakespeare's brother poets were not conscious of any steep difference between him and them. Ben Jonson stands next to Shakespeare, and says he loved him on this side of idolatry as much as any man. But when it was said that Shakespeare had never blotted a line, Ben Jonson wished that he had blotted a thousand; and perhaps at the bottom of his mind was of opinion that if every one had his due there was another fellow that could do as well as the player from Stratford.

There was one point, however, which Aristotle did not mention. He was writing only about small states. It never occurred to him that great nations could be self-governed, and that actions of immense world-wide consequence could turn on the sudden impulse of millions of voters. He was speaking of general tendencies, and if these could be trusted he was satisfied. But for the world

to form a right judgment, you must allow the world time. Even in literature the world will often run after a Will-o'-the-wisp at its first appearance. Immediate popularities are almost always short-lived. The highest fame is of slowest growth, and writers who have been ultimately recognized as the wisest of their kind have been received when they began with indifference and contempt.

In literature this is of little consequence. A good book can wait. The world may run after sugar and syrup, and get no worse harm than an indigestion. But in politics time is just what cannot be granted. Politics are immediate and practical. A crisis rises, measures are proposed which will bring boundless consequences after them. Laws are to be passed or repealed, conquests undertaken or abandoned, institutions abolished or set up. Masses of people will fly at such things in excitement, in wild hope, in the curious confidence which each generation of us always feels in its own judgment. Under such conditions popular impulse is quite as likely to be wrong in politics as about the merits of a new novel, while the results of being wrong may be very serious indeed. Give the people *time*, and all will be well; but time is often the very thing which circumstances will not allow them, or which they will not allow to themselves.

People talked in Aristotle's time, and they talk now, as if the voice of a majority on any given occasion was, or ought to be, decisive, and could not be wrong. And yet it has been often observed that all the great beneficial movements among mankind have been the work of determined minorities. When the matter in question can wait, the minority trusts to reason and argument to bring the majority over to its side. But sometimes it will not wait. The Catholics were in a large majority in the Low Countries in the sixteenth century, and they wanted to compel the Protestants to go to Mass. The Protestants would not go to Mass. They fought for forty years, and won their liberty with swords in their hands. There is no divine right in majorities. No voting, though all mankind were unanimous, will make right out of wrong; and voting is only a rough-and-ready means of finding what it is most convenient to do at a given moment. You hear it said that the source of power is the will of the people, that men must have themselves consented to the laws by which they

are to be governed, with other such conventional forms of speech. I humbly submit that such expressions *are* conventional and nothing else. It has happened to me, as it has happened to most of us, to have been in the minority on some occasions in my life. Money, for instance, has been voted for wars, the Crimean war for instance, which I abhorred. I paid because I was obliged. I did not consent. I objected to the uttermost of my power, and I submitted only to superior force.

There is but one ultimate *divine right*, and that is the thing which on any occasion ought to be done. There is a right way of doing a thing and a wrong way, from the cooking a mutton-chop to the guiding of an empire; and the opinion of a majority, provided the people are of fair intelligence and character and courage, is an indication where the right lies; but that is all—an indication only, not a proof; and in extreme cases other methods have to be adopted. In fact, whether we like it or not, the voice which at any given moment always decides is the voice of those who are at that moment the strongest. The universe is so constructed that it must be so; whether the decision be right or wrong, there is no appeal from it till the balance of strength is altered. In the Greek republics, as in modern Europe and America, a majority of the people was presumed to be the strongest. The balance of force was assumed to lie with the greater number without trying the question by force. But it was not so between the lions and the hares and rabbits. It was not so between the Greeks and Asiatics. One Greek in the field equaled ten Asiatics. He was not likely to give the Asiatic an equal vote with him.

And when any great question rises even in the most advanced community, any question which touches the heart and conscience of men, as it was with those poor Dutchmen that I spoke of, the same difference is produced by superior constancy, by superior courage, by readiness to die rather than submit to what is false or unjust; and in such cases minorities of brave men have carried their point against the majority by force, trusting to time to acquit them, and so I believe they will continue to do as long as there is any worth in human nature. The army which made Oliver Cromwell Protector represented but a small fraction of the English nation counted by heads. If the vote could

be taken now, the English nation would perhaps still be found equally unfavorable to him. Yet Cromwell is slowly taking his place in the estimate of the intelligent part of mankind as one of the very greatest and best Englishmen that ever lived.

But notwithstanding objections, Aristotle remained of opinion that government by a majority of votes was on the whole the happiest and most secure. No adjustment of human affairs will work perfectly and under all circumstances. If nature had provided any such arrangement, it would have been discovered long ago, and we should all have gone to sleep. No form of government will save us from our own faults. If the commonwealth is to prosper, we have each our own parts to play. It is the continual struggle, the continual necessity to watch our own lives, which gives spirit and force to human existence. And this Aristotle saw. He did not condemn monarchies; he did not condemn aristocracies. Under either of these forms a brave, law-abiding people might be contented and become great. The government of a nation by itself had its dangers also, and might degenerate into mob rule and anarchy. Majorities might go wrong, being composed of fallible human beings. But taking things for all in all, the national spirit was likely to rise higher, the laws were likely to be more impartial, and to be more impartially executed, when the people were their own legislators and chose their own officers. Decidedly that state ought to be in its happiest condition when all citizens had equal rights, when there was no privilege either of birth or wealth, and each man could rise to any condition for which nature and industry had qualified him.

Why was it, then, that all popular governments were so short-lived? Why was it that popular constitutions seemed to expand naturally in the direction of equality;

"Freedom broadening slowly down
From precedent to precedent,"

till the last links of privilege were broken? yet only to be as the blossoming of the aloe, the splendid development of qualities which had matured under other conditions, as a prelude to eclipse and dissolution. Aristotle himself witnessed the collapse of Grecian liberty under the Macedonian conquest. Had he lived three hundred years later, he would have seen republican Rome sink under the sword of its own army. The people who

could win their freedom were unable to keep it. Aristotle's business, like Plato's before him, was to mark out the rocks and shoals where freedom made shipwreck.

After a general sketch of his subject, he reverts to the question with which he sets out: What is the real object of human existence? Is it that as civilization advances men should have more money, more luxury, more of what is called enjoyment? or is it that they should become better men, and have more of what is called virtue? They all admit, in words, that virtue ought to be first. They all, in practice, put enjoyment first, and the freer they are the more they run after enjoyment. But if free government is the best form of government, it requires the best kind of men; it can only succeed when the citizens aim consistently at high and worthy objects. Very mean creatures can be governed tolerably by kings and nobles. Only those who have a high standard of character are able to govern themselves. Unfortunately, he says, the average of men never really recognize this, and never really believe it. They demand freedom, but they mean by freedom the power of doing what they like, and of getting what they like. They will talk finely about the beauty of goodness, but their working faith is in the beauty of money. Give them money, they think, and the rest will follow of itself.

You remember Tennyson's Northern Farmer:

"Tisn't them as has money as breaks into houses and steals,
Them as has coats to their backs and takes their regular meals."

Becky Sharp thought it would be very easy to be good with £5,000 a year. The creed is as old as Aristotle's time. The citizens in the Greek states, he says, were entirely persuaded that the essential thing was to have means enough to enjoy life. Courage, temperance, justice, wisdom, were of course very desirable things, and people ought not to be without them; but if they were only well off there was no fear but there would be virtue enough, and accordingly the real subject which occupied every man's mind was how to better his condition.

Now Aristotle knew very well that it was good for men to better their condition. Even Dr. Johnson said that they could hardly be more innocently employed than in making money. It is every one's business to provide an honest living for himself and his family:

But the question is, *how* they will make it; and if money is the end on which their minds are fixed, they are not particular about the *how*. A man has work to do, and he is bound to do it honestly; yet it sometimes happens that he can make more money by doing it dishonestly. If the first object of existence is to become rich, Aristotle declares that the moral tone of the community is certain to be lowered to the level of the general creed, and discontent will follow, and faction and political corruption, and corruption will make an end of liberty. All may be virtuous, but all cannot be rich. Of money, as of the things which money symbolizes, there is but a limited quantity. If a few have very much, many must have little and some have none; and in a state where rich and poor have equal political power, inequality of wealth is peculiarly hard to bear. It is endured easily under monarchies and aristocracies. The imaginations of men are governed by custom. When they see certain of their fellow creatures born to rank and authority, they regard them as a different order of beings. It is no hardship to the laborer to live in a smoky cabin while the noble lord lives in luxury in a palace. Nature has so ordered it and there is an end. But it is otherwise when political distinctions are abolished, when the noble lord and the laborer have equal rights and share equally in the government. The laborers may be patient while they do not see their way to a remedy, but the anomaly is galling, and they will indisputably look for a remedy. There is no visible superiority in the lucky beings who have great possessions. They are no better than their fellows morally or mentally—very ordinary bipeds underneath their clothes. Thinking people, especially if their wits are sharpened by what they consider injustice, come to see that all wealth is the produce of somebody's labor; and if rich men, as is often the case, are contented to live in idle indulgence and do nothing to deserve it, the question will rise and will force its way into politics. Why should one man have so much and another so little?

Here Aristotle thought (I am speaking entirely of old times) lay the special danger of free constitutions; and it was the greater from the shape which, under popular governments, politics tended to assume. The politicians divided themselves into two sections—partly from circumstances, partly from natural tendencies in the human character—

and the leaders bid one against the other for popular favor. Parties came into being as a matter of course. The people made their way to power by degrees, the privileged classes fighting over each step. Division of feeling remained after privilege was gone. Interests survived of various kinds. There was a difference in the temperament of men: some were slow and cautious, others were enthusiastic and eager for change. The essential causes of difference had ceased, but two traditional parties still contended for supremacy, and as the distinctions grew more unreal, the more bitter faction became. Men of real ability, to whatever party they belonged, thought at heart very much alike. They knew that they could not stand still in a world of change, and they knew that if they let the horses run away there was the risk of an overturn. When there was no longer any question of principle the contention of parties in the legislature degenerated into a struggle for power, and the chiefs on both sides were driven forward by a fatal necessity to raise new questions to excite new hopes, and to appeal to passion to decide on problems which required the coolest reason. However able a man was he could not do his ability justice. His duty was to his party—his party first, his country after. Statesmen might see the truth, but they dared not act upon it. They were arranged in opposite camps, each advocating one set of opinions only, and denouncing their rivals as public enemies. They had often to thwart what they knew to be good, and to advocate what they really disapproved. If the result was music, the music was made out of discord. A genuine patriot could only exclaim, "A plague o' both your houses!"

The more unreal the differences, the sharper were the bonds of party discipline. Private judgment had to be laid aside. A man who intended to take a part in public life was forced to be one thing or the other. If he asserted his independence he forfeited confidence, and was held capricious and not to be relied on. Thus he could be only half himself. He had to trust to the opponents whom he was denouncing to supply the checks which he knew to be indispensable. It was as if, having received two eyes from nature, he had been required to see with but one, and instead of walking like a man, to stumble on a single leg.

Under party government, as it is called,

public life becomes like a court of justice: the people are the jury, the politicians are advocates who make the best of their own side, and only occasionally and by accident speak their real opinions. Often they know that the right is with their adversary, and they could argue better against themselves. In a court of justice advocacy is in its place, every one knows what it means. Both sides require to be heard by impartial judges, and the opposite views, for the sake of clearness, are brought out by separate speakers. But in politics the cause at stake is the jury's own, and passions are roused, and victory is fought for and the spoils of victory. The chiefs have to throw their hearts into the quarrel, to rouse their followers by passionate appeals, to fight against the party opposite as if they were conspirators against the public good. And yet it is assumed that on both sides in the state there are men of equal judgment and capacity ready to take the reins if necessary. And therefore a great statesman making a party speech, representing his antagonists as mean and blind and unworthy, can mean but part of what he says. He knows all the while that the very constitution which he admires would cease to exist if there was not an opposition to check and criticise him, and take a turn at the helm. Whether this particular phenomenon existed in Greece in the shape in which we know it, it is impossible to say. Very probably it did, for it rises out of the nature of things. At any rate we see the aristocratic and popular parties continuing to struggle, and alternately getting the power into their hands, till privilege was at an end. Afterward they survived as factions, and resolved themselves at last, as it was mathematically certain that they must do, into the parties of the poor and the rich. As long as privilege lasted the war against property was in abeyance. When the level ground was once won, the new battle began between the few who had much property and the many who had little. Politicians who depended for their existence on having the majority behind them took up the question. Another class of men stepped to the front, and instead of prudent statesmen, the leadership passed to popular orators, who rose to power by inveighing against property. It was a good subject, for they were too sure of a favorable audience; and here, in Aristotle's opinion and Plato's also, was the origin of the mis-

fortunes which overtook the Greek commonwealths.

In the early stages of their existence they had been ruled by the men who could best handle sword and lance; afterward by those who had wisdom and knowledge. Then came those who could speak best on platforms and stir the hearts of the multitude. And it may be asked, Why should not those rule whose speech is most effective? The best speaker is he who is quickest, readiest, best informed, who feels deeply and can make others feel. Eloquence is the very music of the soul, and every heart vibrates in unison with its enchanting notes. Yes, indeed, it is the greatest of human powers; and in the lips of noble men, and used for noble purposes, it is the best of human powers.

But, like the sword, it is but a weapon. It can be used for truth, it can be used for gilding lies. It can be used by men who are pouring out the inmost convictions of their hearts; it can be used, and with tremendous effect, by men who mean no word that they are saying. In the Greek states the art of oratory became the one avenue to political power. If a man could make a fine speech he had the world at his feet. It was to this, therefore, that every young political aspirant devoted himself. Let him be eloquent, and he wanted no more. Without eloquence, truth, courage, knowledge, character, availed him nothing. There were schools of rhetoric all over Greece. There were professional crammers in rhetoric. Aristotle himself, in his cool, scientific way, wrote a treatise upon it. The supreme artists themselves occasionally let out the secret. Demosthenes, perhaps the greatest orator of any age, was asked to explain his mystery. He answered that it lay in acting, and he said it three times—acting, acting, acting. The speaker was to accompany his words with such gestures, such looks, such inflections of the voice, as would best impress them on his hearers. If he was not speaking truth he was to imitate truth: that is to say, he was to learn the art of the stage player, who counterfeits emotions which he does not personally feel.

When I was in New York, Wendell Phillips gave a lecture there upon oratory. When I was asked what I thought about it, I said he had given a fair account of the business; but he had omitted one requisite, that the orator should have something true to say. I was answered immediately that the art, as an

Vol. I.—No. III.—14.

art, had nothing to do with truth. The less truth, the greater the skill needed to produce the effect. Thus the Americans hold oratory in esteem, but not in the highest esteem. They do not make their great speakers into Presidents. Abraham Lincoln, the best President they have had since Washington, had a sharp wit, but he never talked spread-eagleism. General Grant hardly ever stood on a platform in all his life. A Yankee once observed to me, when he had been listening to a famous performer, "A very small piece of soap will make a deal of froth in the mouth."

Indeed, the truly great political orators whose speeches are an heirloom of mankind, the most finished examples of noble feeling perfectly expressed, have rarely understood correctly the circumstances of their time. They felt passionately, but for that reason they could not judge calmly. Demosthenes, whom I named just now, stirred his countrymen with a voice like a trumpet to fight Philip of Macedon. But his countrymen could not fight Philip of Macedon, and fell the harder for trying. If speaking could have saved the Roman Republic, it would have been saved by Cicero. His orations against Anthony were the finest ever heard in forum or Senate. But they were only modulated wind. We have killed the king, he was obliged to say, but the kingdom remains. The mob, who one year made the streets ring with shouts for Cicero, shouted the next as loudly for Augustus. To fight against fact might be very beautiful and noble. The patriot, in his failure, could console himself as Lucian did:

"*Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*"

Cato could still think that he was more righteous than the gods. But the gods had their way.

Demosthenes, Cicero, Cato, were, however, real men. What they said they meant with all their souls. The professional orators in the Greek republics meant only to make their own fortunes. Most organized beings are troubled with parasites. The parasites of governments, says Aristotle, are "flatterers." The parasite of a monarchy is some smooth-tongued courtier, who winds his way into his master's confidence, panders to his vices, plays on his weaknesses, tells him that he is the wisest of men, and has his reward in wealth and power. The parasite of a democracy, Aristotle also says, is the popular orator. His master is the people. He, in turn, plays

on the people's weaknesses, panders to the people's passions, speaks to them what will best answer for the present moment, careless of the next; and they, in their delight with him say, Here is our wisest man, he shall reign over us. A state prospers by wisdom and justice. A state which knew its own interests would have put its flatterer in a sack with a stone in the bottom of it, and have sunk him in the sea. Aristotle, who admired real oratory as much as any man, declares that the tastes of the Greek states for these bastard professors of it, these flatterers of their follies, had been the rock on which their liberties had made shipwreck. Plato was more bitter still. To him, with his keen dialectic insight, the rhetorical art was itself contemptible, and from the powers which it exercised was absolutely horrible. He compares oratory to fashionable cookery. The plain truth was the wholesome loaf or joint. The flowing speech was the dainty side dish, made out of nothing and flavored with poison. He draws a picture of a platform favorite of the Athenian Demos, his rounded periods, his metaphors and similes, his starts and pauses, and the fine inflections of his voice; and then exclaims in a passion, "I declare that the meanest honest workman, who can neither write nor spin, is fitter to be trusted with the government than such a fellow as that."

For these orators understood their work. Liberty was a fine word, but words will not feed empty stomachs. Poverty was a fact and wealth was a fact, and the sure road to the people's hearts was to stand before them with platitudes about eternal justice; to ring the changes on inequality, and insist on an equal division of the common inheritance. Here, Aristotle says, in all countries where to make money has been the first object of life, is the Maelstrom where free constitutions are generally swallowed. It ruined Greece, it ruined Rome. We have seen the same symptoms in Paris in our own time, and wherever it appears it is the sign of a coming catastrophe. Socialistic equality is pretty and becoming in Utopia, but in this world it means taking away from men what they have themselves earned and giving it to others who have not earned it. Property may seem to be distributed unfairly. It may be often in bad hands and be badly used, but it represents on the whole energy, industry, and prudence. Those who have none are no doubt dissatisfied,

but their whole view of the question alters with their first savings.

"Property," said Hartley Coleridge to me once, "I hate the word—because—I have got none of my own."

When laws are passed which touch property, argument turns to violence, and despotism of one kind or another is not far off. The "tyrants" that were so much execrated in Greece had been mostly demagogues who had gone in for communism. Their shrift was generally short, but it lasted long enough to be fatal. When you have cut down a tree you cannot set it up again.

Aristotle makes one very wise observation. All forms of government, he says, should study the interests of those classes which are least represented in them. Kings and nobles should take care of the poor. Democracies should be especially careful how they meddle with property. No free commonwealth ever has been or ever will be of steady continuance which does not secure men in the possession and enjoyment of what they have lawfully made their own.

Philosophers have said that the institution of property is the cause of all crime and all misery. It began, they say, in Paradise. All was perfect there except the fatal prohibition, "Il est défendu a toucher les pommes." Plato made property common in his ideal commonwealth. The first Christians tried the experiment practically. In later days we have heard the cry, "La propriété c'est le vol," and the Tuileries was burnt down for a light to read the doctrine by. It is like a wave washing against the rocks of human instinct. A division of property, if carried out at all, can be carried out only under an absolute military rule, for free men will not consent to it.

People are misled, says Aristotle, by the word *Freedom*. They think it means that all shall share and share alike; that every one shall do as he pleases, because to do as he does not please is to be a slave; that there shall be no government, or as little government as possible. That is to say, they will be either savages or angels, because among imperfect progressive human beings the state of things which they desire cannot be.

So for the third time he reverts to his first question. What is the purpose of life? It is not to have all that we wish, but to become good men. The test of a nation's condition is not its wealth, but the character of the men

that it is producing. If as individuals they are manly, and just, and temperate, and wise, they are fit for political freedom, and when they have it they will be able to keep it. The sum of his advice is something like this. Make money if you will, but let it be your second object, not your first. Endeavor first to be good, and money enough will follow. Do not seek for empire. You are free yourselves, respect freedom in others, or it may be that you will lose your own. True freedom means reverence for law. Do not meddle hastily with your laws. Institutions which are slowest to change last the longest. Respect property, and do not run away after fine speeches. Distrust orators. Reflect and reason. First and last remember, that each man's chief business is with himself. If you wish to reform the state, begin at home.

Then at the end he passes to education. Each state, he says, ought to have a system of education adapted to its constitution. Children ought to be brought up in the genius of the country to which they belong; and thus I too am brought round to our present meeting here, to those English Institutes which take up the work of education when the schools leave it. Very briefly I must mention Aristotle's views of education.

Between the old free communities and ours there was one vital difference. The Greeks were slave-owners. All hard manual work was done by *barbarians*, as the Greeks called them, who had been taken in war and sold. Aristotle justifies slavery. A certain quantity of mean work has to be done in this world, he says, and mean-natured men are intended to do it. The slave is improved by being placed under the authority of some one higher than himself, and the superior race has leisure to cultivate its finer qualities. So manual labor came in Greece to be thought a degradation suited only for beings who were but an improved kind of animal. Even freemen who worked for wages Aristotle placed outside the constitution. A man who sold his skill to others, he regarded as a slave in all but the name.

Leaving work as beneath his notice, Aristotle says that the education of a free citizen in a free commonwealth should be in four subjects: grammar, drawing, music and gymnastics. Grammar included literature; drawing and music included art; and gymnastics what we mean by athletics. He was contemplating evidently, therefore, a set of gen-

tleman whose time was their own, and who had leisure to cultivate their minds and bodies to the highest perfection. Perhaps he might have found here, if he had looked for it, the explanation of the influences of those dreadful orators.

Those critical and finished intellects were likely enough to over estimate dainty and finely-turned periods. They had time to listen to them, and if they so spent their time we can understand how many of them were poor. St. Paul found the men of Athens occupied only in hearing or telling some new thing. The aspiration of the Greek was to be like the gods of his own Olympus, raised above the petty cares of life; and however such a life might suit Olympus, it was not wholesome for earth.

Modern England, modern Europe, has been trained on the exactly opposite principle, not that work is degrading, but that idleness is degrading, and that in work alone is salvation. That is to say, the Greeks were Pagans, and we are Christians. The Founder of Christianity was a working man. The apostles were working men. St. Paul lived by tent-making while he was converting the world. I can but glance at the surface of this enormous subject. But you see on the face of it that Christianity had made an end of the notion that there was any dishonor in manual labor.

In this country, as far back as we know anything in detail of its social condition, every village boy was educated to do something useful. Every lad who had to make his way in the world was apprenticed to some art or trade. He was brought up to plough or to dig, to be a carpenter, a mason, a smith, a seaman, a shopkeeper, a doctor, a lawyer, or whatever it might be. No idleness was allowed, not even (in the old days) to unfortunate eldest sons; and though music and drawing and the rest of it were well enough as ornaments, the essential matter was that every man worth calling a man should be able to maintain himself by honest industry.

This was education as understood by our forefathers, and it accomplished what Aristotle thought impossible. It trained up not a small township, but a great nation capable of constitutional freedom in its widest sense. The apprentice system may be melting away, as encroaching too much on liberty. For my part I think it is melting too fast. But if we take it merely as a scaffolding, it has left behind

that fundamental change in the estimate of labor which can never leave us again. In an apprenticeship a lad's occupation was his school. As he advanced in skill his mind advanced along with it. The clever mason became an architect or sculptor; the carpenter a carver of designs in wood; the chemist a man of science. Each trade developed into an art in which the intellect would grow to its full dimensions, while hand and brain went on together. This is gone. Machinery and the division of labor have made an end of it. The intellect cannot grow to much in making screws and buttons and gun-barrels, but an effect remains in studying men and giving them a grasp on facts; and schools and institutes must now do the rest. Books and newspapers, lectures and discussions, open endless avenues of knowledge; and those whose days are spent in engine-rooms and counting-houses can cultivate their minds in these associations.

But it must be as a complement of work, not as a substitute for it. Work, after all, is

the only real educator, for work alone forces you into contact with outer things as they really are. Nature allows no illusions. You must know the actual properties of what you have in your hands before you can make use of it. You must obey nature's conditions before nature will obey you. So long as the English are a working-people, I have no fears for the English constitution. But I distrust all mere intellectual culture: I distrust men who spend their time in reading and talking and what they are pleased to call thinking. If machines could be invented which would take place of the old slaves, which would build our houses, make our clothes, cook our dinners, and surround us all with comforts and luxuries, while we had nothing to do but cultivate ourselves, I conceive that in the human gardens there would be more weeds than wholesome fruit, and that the liberties we are so proud of would soon go the way of the liberties of the Greek states.

James Anthony Froude.

THE MAN OF WAX.

CHAPTER V.

THE son of the Shah Abbas was right. A murder had been committed in a town some fifty miles from New York, and as there was no other exciting topic at the moment, the newspapers were full of the matter. The murderer—or rather one of the murderers, for he was supposed to have had accomplices—was in the prison of the town, and Cox, with a shrewd eye to business, thought that if the counterfeit presentment of the culprit were added to the wax show, people would go to it in crowds. Jones and Pope were dispatched by an early train the next morning, and in about two hours after leaving New York, were seated in the dining-room of a small hotel in the place, quietly eating their breakfast. This hotel was kept by the widow of a former proprietor. Her table was good though plain. But she was of an economical turn, and rather preferred guests of moderate appetite. Long acquaintance with the ways of the world had made her inclined to be suspicious, and she deemed it prudent to be a

good deal in the dining-room, while Jones and Pope were at their meal, they being the only persons who had so far appeared to partake of the matutinal repast. As these two wayfarers had the viands all to themselves, the provision was abundant, and Jones did them ample justice. At last, however, after six eggs, a large portion of a ham, and twenty slices of bread, even he succumbed, and leaning back in his chair, showed that his breakfast was over.

"And now—now to business," cried the artist, wiping his mouth, and pulling down his cuffs. "Our first care must be to get into the jail. Why, what's the matter?" proceeded Pope, seeing Isaac suddenly wince, as though, like Puck, he was seated on a thistle. "For my part, I have done business in any number of jails."

"They are ugly places," replied Jones, gloomily.

"I have passed many pleasant days in 'em," averred Pope. "The world, Mr. Jones—the world has no idea of the life in a condemned cell. I've met with civilities there that would

make born gentlemen blush. And then for morals—and for what one may call the decencies of society—oh! you have no idea how sentence of death brings out the real politeness of a man. There was Jack Farmer, in England—as great a bully as ever blustered—well, two days before he was hanged, you might have taken him for a lord.”

“Shall you be long over the present job?” asked Isaac.

“No, no, trust to me; when I once get into the prison—I have my tools all with me, and I’ll bring my man away at a single sitting.”

The snatches of this conversation caught by the landlady, as she loitered about, caused her to think it would be wise to watch her property, and she proceeded to clear the table. In the middle of her task she paused, and observed in the cold, accusing tones of Lady Macbeth, “Where’s the other spoon?”

“My good woman,” cried Pope, the landlady coloring to the eyes at the epithet, “My good woman—”

“Oh!” exclaimed the landlady, discovering the lost property under a napkin. “I’ll bring your bill directly,” she added, Jones and Pope having informed her that they had come to breakfast only.

“What do they take us for?” asked Pope, in amaze, vainly awaiting an interpretation on the part of Jones. “What *can* they take us for?” And still, Isaac, in his modesty, could not determine. The landlady, with almost incredible speed, returned with the bill. Pope twitched it from between her fingers and laid the document upon the table, as though it was to be considered that day three months; and then, putting his forefinger to his brow and his thumb to his cheek, asked, “Pray, madam, do you lose many spoons in this house?”

“No sir, never; for before some people leave the room, I always take care to count ‘em.” Pope trembled from head to heel, and was fairly stricken dumb by the new insult. But for Jones, he was proof to such attacks. While Pope was convulsed, strangled for a reply, Jones maintained magnanimous silence; and while the artist could have transfixed the landlady with his just indignation, Isaac, with his forefinger on the table, traced a circle of water round a fly which had come near drowning in the milk jug, and was moving with difficulty.

“I say, madam—I say, do you know who we are?” roared Pope, while Jones raised a

meek look of remonstrance toward the querist. “Perhaps, you are not aware that I am an artist—”

“I thought so,” exclaimed the woman, as though her worst fears were realized; and she spun herself out of the room.

“They know nothing of us here,” observed Jones, with the indifference of a stone. “Consider how far we are from New York.”

“But fame—fame travels, Mr. Jones,” returned Pope.

“Not always by the railroad,” answered Jones, careless of the truth he uttered; for Isaac was often as unconscious of the pearls he let fall as the oysters that breed them. “Not by the railroad!” Alas, how many a genius finds, even at the end of twenty miles, that his fame has not come passenger. How many a prophet in his own town, removed to the next, loseth his mantle!

“Not to be known here! Why, my name is on my bag?” cried Michael Angelo.

“Perhaps the people can’t read,” replied Jones, and Pope seemed somewhat comforted by the probable ignorance. “True, true,” he assented, with the small voice of peace; and then he suddenly knocked his clenched fist on the table, and, his brows knitted, and his face turning to an imperial purple—Michael shrieked, “But the spoon, Isaac! the spoon!”

“That *was* odd,” said Jones, beginning to whistle.

“Odd! I call it infamous,” vociferated Pope.

“But you must own the ham was capital,” observed Isaac, benevolently wishing to give praise where praise was due.

“To be suspected of a robbery! *Me!*” and Michael cast his eyes toward the sky, as though he expected to see it open.

“And the bread and butter delicious,” continued the eulogistic Jones. Pope said nothing, but his face suddenly became wrinkled; he gasped with indignation.

“If, indeed,” and Pope felt strong in what boxers call new wind—“if, indeed, the spoon had been found upon me—”

At this moment, the door opening, Pope paused in the middle of his sentence, and fixed his eye upon a new visitor, who with enviable self-composure, advanced toward the table, and drawing a chair under him, sat down. As he deposited himself, he winked a brassy eye at Pope, distended his mouth, evidently with the intention to smile, and nodded his head. Pope spoke not—Jones was silent. Again the visitor winked—again

he smiled—again he twitched his head.

"Then it wasn't found upon you, eh?" said the stranger, condescending to speak, with a rugged familiarity.

It is a terrible dilemma for a little man, when circumstance occur which insist that he should appear very big. To say that Pope rose from his seat, is to impart no idea of the truth; it should rather be said, he shot up from it. Standing upon his two great toes, and his neck stretched almost to hanging point, Pope, with a constrained civility—very difficult for a new beginner—asked, if the party addressing him "knew *who* he was?" Were a giraffe gifted with speech, and placed in the predicament of Pope, its gesture could not be more dignified.

"To be sure I do, Mr. Pope," was the answer; and the speaker rubbed his hands upon his knees, and laughed a hearty laugh. "Know you!"

"Then, sir"—and Pope abated something of the ferocity of his dignity—"then, sir, you are probably aware that I am an artist—"

"Of course, I am; why, it's all over the town?"

"Ha, ha!" and Pope chirped in his throat, and looking at Jones, cried, in a side-speech not lost on the long-eared visitor, "Isaac—ha, ha!—you see she *may* travel by railroad." But Jones was not a man to appreciate a delicate touch; the surest way to make him sensible of a hint was to knock him down.

"By the railroad, eh? What! along with you?" asked the stranger, and again he smiled.

"Yes, yes; with me," answered Pope, rubbing his hands, winking at Jones, and feeling even through his bones a glow of satisfaction. "Well, it seems, then, sir—I beg your pardon, sir, what may be your name?"

"Mitchell—Frank Mitchell," replied the stranger, with apparent "measureless content" at the appellation.

"Well, then, Mr. Mitchell, it seems that I—that is, that we—were expected?"

"We thought we should have you, though not quite so soon," answered Mitchell. "Howsoever, I'm very glad that it's fallen to my chance to light upon you—a capital bit of luck."

Pope made a profound bow; and even the phlegmatic Jones declined his head in token of the compliment. Indeed, there was a heartiness, a sincerity in the manner of the speaker, that demanded an elaborate acknow-

ledgment. Jones began to feel the dignity of his new calling, assured of its importance by the attention of Mitchell, whom Jones addressed with the blandest condescension.

"A pretty neighborhood hereabouts—eh, Mr. Mitchell?" said the nominal proprietor of wax.

"Yes, very pretty; but I fear you won't have much chance to see it." Then placing his arm on his thigh, bending his head forward, and looking keenly in the face of Pope, he asked with sudden seriousness, "I suppose you've made up your mind to this business? you know exactly what's to be done?"

"To be sure—to be sure. By the way, how did you happen to expect us here?"

"Why, Mr. Ryerson, the justice, received a letter that—"

"That's like Cox," said Michael aside to Isaac—"just like him; cautious, calculating man—he's told our business, and bespoken every civility for us, no doubt. What! the justice received a—"

"Yes; but I had further intelligence, from—however, no matter for that; here you are."

"I see how it is," exclaimed Pope, expanding with pleasure—"I have no doubt that you are somehow in the service of the magistrate himself."

"Of course I am," said Mitchell, staring at the vivacity of the artist.

"And that his worship!"—Michael still honored officials with the titles he had been accustomed to use in his native England—"has sent you to—"

"Why, he knows that you are here by this time."

"And when will he be ready to receive us?" asked Michael, nodding toward Jones, who was busily employed caressing his mustache.

"He's ready now," was the answer.

"Really, if I had known I was to be received by his worship, I would have brought another suit with me."

"Oh, never mind," observed Mitchell. "Mr. Ryerson never stands upon ceremony. He settles—but here it comes." And as Mitchell spoke, the rattling of wheels was heard; and in a few minutes a hack rapidly approached the door of the hotel, followed by a crowd of men, women and children, hurrahing—whooping—screaming.

"Now, my dear Mr. Jones," observed Pope, confidentially, "you see the influences of art.

Had it not been for my fame, no carriage would have been sent for us—no hurraing crowd would have gathered to see us off."

"Are we to go in that?" asked Pope, his voice scarcely heard for the shouting outside.

"Yes; so let us lose no time." Mitchell opened the door—paused—looked round—scratched his head, and muttered to himself, "I forgot the cuffs."

The visitors were met by three other men—as Pope observed, with a twitch of the elbow to Jones, servants to the magistrate—on leaving the apartment, and escorted to the vehicle at the door-step, where they had no sooner presented themselves than they were met with a shout which Michael acknowledged with a bow that would have done honor to a prince; Jones humbly followed his example. This gesture on the part of the visitors was met with a new shout from the gathering multitude, as faithfully and as elegantly acknowledged as the first. Indeed, both Pope and Jones were so employed in paying their respects to the acclamations of the populace, that sundry jeers uttered by the envious were wholly unnoticed. But as they were driven off, persons whose minds were less absorbed in the noisy honor paid by the crowd around the door, distinguished among the hubbub some epithets by no means complimentary.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. JOSEPH RYERSON, the magistrate, had risen from a humble beginning to be the master of a considerable fortune. No better way to distinguish himself had occurred to him than to play the *role* of public benefactor. And so he had spent a good deal of money about the town, in a way which kept him constantly in the popular eye. He had been rewarded by being regarded as the great man of the place, and no little weight was attached to his presence and utterances. At the moment Pope and Jones were ushered into his office, he was talking with a visitor, but immediately broke off his conversation, and, turning to Mitchell, asked, "Are these the wretched men?" And, as he saw Pope smiling and smirking, instantly added, "For Heaven's sake, you infamous villain, don't laugh!"

Pope looked up at Jones for the meaning of the magistrate, and Jones turned to that officer for the like favor.

"He's very small," said the justice's clerk, in a half-whisper to the justice—"very short, indeed; why, if he committed the crime, he must have jumped to stab him."

"My opinion, exactly," said Ryerson. For the first time, Pope seemed to feel there was some mistake; while Jones, who had not the dangerous enthusiasm of his companion, was quite convinced of an existing error: Pope coughed, held fast his right hand, and raising himself as was his wont upon his toes, was about to speak. The magistrate mistook the motion of Pope, and imagining that the latter meditated some personal violence, cried out:

"Why, Mitchell—how is this? why aren't they handcuffed?"

"Handcuffed!" shrieked Pope, his eyes blazing fiercely.

"Handcuffed!" uttered Jones spasmodically, blowing out his face like a foot-ball.

"Handcuffed," repeated Ryerson, very sonorously.

Mitchell began to make an excuse. "Don't talk to me, sir—don't talk to me; I take it as a piece of personal disrespect, that I should sit here in presence of the prisoners without their being handcuffed."

"Prisoners!" cried Pope, "prisoners!" and he looked at Jones as though there was some comfort in the plural number.

"Silence!" said the justice; "silence—by-and-by you will be heard. Our law allows every man to be heard—"

"But, your worship, upon my honor—I—"

"Silence, fellow, silence; don't I tell you that our law allows every man to be heard? Silence, I say; and, therefore, hear me. Justice, in this great and free country of ours, requires no one to criminate himself. The best thing you can do is to keep your mouths shut, and leave your case to the prosecution. Now, where is the evidence?"

"If you please, your honor," and Mitchell advanced and stroked his hair down his forehead, with as brilliant success as if his hand had been a blacking-brush; "you must take the prisoners' word for once, because they confessed to Mrs. Green, the landlady of Green's Hotel, who sent for me, who—"

"Is Mrs. Green ready for examination?" asked the justice.

"But, your worship—" Pope began.

"Silence, fellow!" thundered the magistrate. "If either of you say another word before I give you leave, I'll have you both put in jail immediately."

Mrs. Green advanced, playing with her shawl, and said she was quite ready.

"Well, Mrs. Green?" and each eye of the judge looked an interrogation; "well, these men confessed to you the murder?"

"Murder!" shouted Pope, and he flung his arms about, as if in a pulpit or a fit.

"Murder!" echoed Jones.

"I overheard them," said Mrs. Green, mincingly; "for I scorn to have paper in any of my keyholes—I overheard them talking of breaking into prison and taking off the murderer; and after that they—I mean the little man there, confessed outright that he was an artist at such things."

"That is true," said Pope; and as he spoke, he felt that he was no longer a little man. "That is true;" and he bent his head, as though oppressed with the weight of imaginary laurel.

"Mind, understand me—I don't ask you to criminate yourself—but tell me," said the justice, with a frown, "how do you get your bread?"

"Bread!" exclaimed Pope, as though the question ought to have run, "Pray, sir, how do you obtain your daily champagne?"

"Yes, bread," replied the magistrate. "I suppose you eat—eh, sir?"

"That they do," cried Mrs. Green, remembering the breakfast. His honor repeated the question.

"Sir—your worship—I perceive some extraordinary mistake, in finding myself before you; I presume that some error—"

"Your honor," interrupted Mitchell, "no mistake at all. He seemed quite at ease when I said you wanted him."

"Very true, your worship—very true. I did receive your mandate as a compliment to my profession—and—"

"Profession! why, what are you?" asked Ryerson. "Profession?"

"I have the honor to be an artist."

"You don't mean a painter—a sculptor—a—something of that sort?" asked the clerk.

"Exactly," replied Pope, with the coldest dignity, "and my visit to this town being on an express commission to—"

"Dear me! dear me! I see it all, your honor;" and the clerk whispered to Ryerson, whose countenance became suffused with the brightest color. He laid his hand upon his waistcoat and bowed his head, and his lips were puckered up into a smile, and he

seemed to have an interesting air of embarrassment. In a few moments, however, he returned to a sense of his duty.

"Mitchell! you have acted with great discretion; but, unfortunately, these gentlemen are not the murderers; they are persons of quite a different stamp. Gentlemen, you are discharged; and permit me to say, that you quit the court without a single stain upon your characters. Indeed, I don't know if you ain't all the better for the accusation; you are discharged, and—"

"But, your honor," called Mitchell, in a state of anguish, the promised reward fading from his eyes, "remand 'em—pray, remand 'em; there's more evidence; there is, indeed; they confessed that the woman came down with 'em."

"Woman!" said Jones—"woman!"

"Yes, Nancy Martin, that we're after," roared Mitchell.

"I protest, your worship," said Pope, in a solemn voice—"I protest that I know no woman of that name."

"What! you mean to say that you didn't wink and poke your elbow at that chap, and say, 'she *did* travel by the railroad'—will you deny that?"

"Your worship, I recollect—my friend here will recollect—the purport of my allusion. Finding that my humble reputation was known here, I did remark to Mr. Jones that Fame—Fame, your worship, traveled by the railroad. I spoke of Fame."

"Of Nancy Martin!" insisted Mitchell.

"Fame! that bright and glorious maid," exclaimed Pope.

"As great a hussy as ever walked," shouted Mitchell.

"Order in the court," cried the justice. "Mitchell, you are a good and vigilant officer, and I am sorry for your disappointment. With the blessing of Providence, however, you may yet succeed. These gentlemen are discharged." The accused stepped toward the smiling magistrate, while Mitchell, doggedly fumbling the rim of his hat, departed. Mrs. Green retired at the same time, endeavoring, but in vain, to console him.

"I regret, Mr. Pope, the inconvenience you have suffered. Of course, you know Mr. Fitzgerald," asked the clerk.

"Certainly," replied Pope, thinking it prudent to know him at even the shortest notice.

"Certainly."

"I—at least on the part of the committee

—I requested him to despatch to us an artist of the very highest merit, and I have no doubt that my friend has been happy in his choice." Pope bowed all over to the compliment. "By the way," continued the clerk, "what do you think of your subject?"

"The—the subject I am come to take? Why, I—to say the truth—I am rather pleased with it."

"There is plenty of him. There is a fine marked characteristic."

"I expected no less from what I had heard," replied the artist. "When do you think I shall be able to begin?"

"Well, we'll settle that over our wine. Mr. Ryerson requests you will dine with him to-day. Ha, sir! he has been a great benefactor to the town."

"He looks like it," observed Pope.

"The mark of respect we are about to pay him, however admirably executed—and I doubt not its excellence—will be but small compared to the benefits he has bestowed upon our town."

At this moment Ryerson rose, and saying, "I shall expect you at four, gentlemen," retired through a private door. The clerk proposed to his visitors to while away the time before dinner by showing them the town and the monuments of the worthy magistrate's munificence, and the three left the courtroom for that purpose.

CHAPTER VII.

POPE and Jones, under the guidance of the clerk, saw all the sights of the town, and especially the proofs of the liberality of Ryerson. They had walked about for some time when a church clock—the gift of the magistrate—was heard to strike. Whereupon the clerk remarked, "We shall hardly be back in time for dinner." This information alarmed Jones, and he said, "Let us go to Mr. Ryerson's house at once." In cases of personal emergency—and he held dinner to be one—he was a fast walker. So, putting all his stomach into his heels, he stepped forth, and the clerk in his turn becoming follower, Jones was pursued by that functionary and the trotting Pope. They arrived on the stroke of four, and were shortly seated at the justice's table. Mr. Allen, a literary man, had been invited to meet "the artist," and Mrs. Ryerson, and her daughter Angelica, bestowed upon him the like honor. The din-

ner was good and abundant, and Jones ate, as the camel drinks, for at least half-a-dozen days. Beads stood upon his brow, and gravies hung about his mouth.

"Mr. Jones, may I help you to a *little* plum-pudding?" asked Mrs. Ryerson.

"Plum-pudding," said Jones, is my weakness," but the hostess helped him as if in plum-pudding she wished to try his strength. "I have often been sorry, Mrs. Ryerson, to have so excellent a dish so generally neglected. With a strange superstition—for I can call it nothing more—many, even well-disposed people, make plum-pudding only at Christmas; for my part, with a little beef, a bit of turkey, and a flavor of ham, I do think I could dine on plum-pudding every day in the year."

"This is Angelica's making," observed the mother.

"Is it, indeed?" exclaimed Jones. "Why, then, I must"—and he held forth his plate, purely out of compliment to the maker, for a new supply.

"How does your book come on, Mr. Allen?" asked Mrs. Ryerson.

"Does Mr. Allen write?" inquired Pope, with an innate veneration for the literary character.

"He hasn't yet appeared in print; but I suppose, Allen," remarked the justice, "we may expect the history soon."

"History?" said Pope.

"Yes, sir," said Allen, with a condescending air, "the history of the county."

"It will be vastly interesting," said Miss Angelica.

"Illustrated with the likenesses of the most distinguished men in the county," said the embryo author.

"Talking of likenesses," interrupted Mrs. Ryerson, "when does the gentleman begin his task?"—and she smiled benignantly at Pope.

"To-morrow, if permitted," replied Michael Angelo, with the decision of his great namesake.

"Well, my love," and the hostess turned to her husband, "what say you?"

"Why, if it must be—it must be," answered Ryerson, in the true spirit of philosophy; and then he added—simplering somewhat—"and yet I could wish Mr. Pope had a better subject. You say you can begin to-morrow, Mr. Pope."

Pope bowed.

"Well, how shall you treat your subject?"

"I have not yet determined, sir; but I have a presentiment that it will be one of the greatest hits of my life."

The magistrate chuckled, and filled Pope's glass.

"But, perhaps, Mr. Ryerson, you yourself might suggest something."

"To be sure, my dear," said his wife. "What do you think, Mr. Pope, of a black dress-coat and crimson velvet waist-coat, with a blue necktie?"

"Why, madam," said Pope, deferentially. "we like to be as faithful as possible; but don't you think that dress will be a little unsuited to the subject?"

"Unsuited, sir; I think it would suit him exactly."

"Yes, my dear," said the magistrate, "I think, with you, that dress will be the best."

"By the way," said the clerk, "I haven't shown you where we intend to hang the—"

"No, sir—but in good time—I shall certainly see it," said Pope.

"An admirable place, where everybody may have a look—and I doubt not that the execution will afford the most general satisfaction."

"Except to the party himself," remarked the artist.

"Oh, depend upon it," said Mr. Ryerson, "you'll not find him difficult. And, now, what attitude will you have? Shouldn't there be something in the hand, or—"

"As I said before, we like to be very faithful. Whether I put anything in the hand or not, depends on the original himself."

"An orange was, or"—and Mr. Ryerson took one from the table.

"An orange, sir, would be admirable—excellent—if the circumstance were strongly dwelt upon in the newspapers."

"Our own paper is sure to notice it," said the clerk.

"But there's another difficulty," said Pope, to the clerk. "People in his situation are apt to be self-willed, and unless we can get the parson to persuade him, he may, in his last moments, refuse to suck an orange."

"Last moments! why, you would not make a death-piece of it," exclaimed the quick-eared magistrate.

"I should like to give my man to the public just before he was turned off," said Pope.

"Turned off!" roared Mr. Ryerson, and

"turned off!" shouted the ladies, Allen, and the clerk, in chorus.

"Though perhaps, after all," sighed Pope, "he mayn't be hanged."

Mr. Ryerson jumped from the table with a vigor that nearly overturned it, his wife and daughter uttered a shriek, Allen made a loud exclamation, and the clerk exclaimed, "Hanged! Mr. Ryerson hanged!"

"Mr. Ryerson! I did not mean Mr. Ryerson!" cried Pope.

"By no manner of means—not in the least," asseverated Jones, looking for the door.

"Then what brought you here?" asked the clerk; "were you not sent by my friend Fitzgerald to paint Mr. Ryerson for the hall?"

"Quite the contrary," Pope meekly responded.

"What do you mean by quite the contrary, fellow?" said the justice, suddenly arming himself with the terrors of office.

"I came to model the murderer now in your jail for our set."

"Model a murderer!—your set?" exclaimed the bewildered functionary. Whereupon Pope handed to him a catalogue of the wax-work, at the same time introducing the unwilling Jones as the "spirited proprietor." Mr. Ryerson blew like a porpoise; and sat himself down, rolling his eyes from side to side, perplexed for words sufficiently large to mitigate his indignation. At length, in broken sentences, escaped—"a couple of scoundrel showmen—dealers in wax dolls—to dare to come and embezzle a dinner with me—" and Ryerson was proceeding into invectives, when Pope, the incarnate dignity of the spirit of art, rose to reply.

"Mr. Ryerson, we are neither scoundrels, fools nor justices—neither do we deal in wax dolls—and for your dinner, there's my fifty cents!" at the same time throwing on the table a half dollar.

"Fifty cents!" cried Mr. Ryerson, startled at the spirit of the artist.

"Certainly—one plate of veal, ten cents; a plate of fowl, ten cents; plum-pudding, ten cents; wine, and dear at the money, fifteen cents—and five cents for the waiter!" So saying, Pope stalked with the majesty of "buried Denmark" to the door. Here he paused, crying, "Mr. Jones—remember—in your reckoning, there are two plates of pudding."

CHAPTER VIII.

"WELL, Mr. Pope, you have made a nice mess of it," said Jones; the couple being now at the other hotel in the town, having had quite enough of Mrs. Green.

"I have vindicated the dignity of my art," said Pope.

"If Mr. Cox should discharge you?"

"My honor is without a wound," hastily interrupted Michael.

"What's the use of one's honor being sound, with no money in one's pocket, and a hole in one's shoe?" asked the practical Isaac. "That people will be so extravagant—I may say so unprincipled, as to indulge themselves in honor when they can't afford the commonest necessities! It's a conceit I hate."

"To be called a scoundrel—a dealer in wax dolls—a—"

"But, for all you said to the contrary, the wine was unobjectionable," urged Jones.

"I felt it," said Pope, brooding over the injury, "in my heart's blood."

"And so did I," sighed Isaac; "I'm sure I could have taken a good skinful of it."

"Mr. Jones, there are injuries of which a man of genius is particularly susceptible. It isn't your fault if you can't understand them."

"I thank Heaven, I've more sense!" said Jones, with dignity. "And now, will your genius tell how we are to get the murderer. After your behavior, Mr. Ryerson will do his best to prevent your getting into the jail."

"No matter," said Pope, pensively.

"No matter! we can't show ourselves to Cox without him." And, as if trying to solve the problem, the two sat silent for several minutes. The silence was broken by a message from Mr. Ryerson, who, guided by the shrewd advice of his clerk, had procured for the artist permission to visit the jail. There was wisdom in this, for it stopped the mouth of gossip, that might have blabbed the mistake that seated Pope and Jones at the board of the great man of the town.

Thus Pope was able to see his subject. But the subject was not as tractable as the artist supposed likely. The culprit at first refused to be taken at all; then, after consenting, put Pope off from day to day, for nearly a week. When at last the head was nearly modeled, the fellow got in a rage at being depicted with a pimple on his nose, and seizing the image, dashed it to pieces on the stones.

In this way ten days had passed since the arrival of Pope and Jones at Mrs. Green's hotel, and yet the artist had been unable to complete his work. Neither of them was much addicted to letter-writing, and as they were expecting every day to return to New York, neither had written to Cox. The latter was becoming uneasy about his henchmen, and as he had some business in a place not far beyond that where Pope and Jones were staying, he determined to stop and find out what they were doing. Cox, who was accompanied by his servant Aaron, on his arrival in the town, happened to choose for his quarters the hotel at which were Pope and Jones. Cox and Aaron had dinner together. When they had nearly finished the meal, the landlord brought them in the newspaper, and from him Cox learned that Pope and Jones were staying at that house, and had gone a little before his arrival to the office of Mr. Ryerson, whom the landlord said was a magistrate. Michael and Isaac had gone to Ryerson's to exhibit to him the wax figure of the murderer—at length completed—permission having been first obtained from the worthy justice. As Cox wanted to get away as soon as possible, he determined to follow Pope and Jones to Mr. Ryerson's office. He rose from the table and desired Aaron to follow him. They were about to quit the hotel, when at the very door-step they met Eleanor, whose history Pope was about to tell Jones at the show-room in the Bowery, when interrupted by a message from Cox. As soon as she saw Aaron, she looked frightened, while Cox regarded her with a stern look and said, "What brought you here?"

"I couldn't stay in New York, in—I—I came to find my father," for so she used to call honest little Michael.

This was the cause of her coming. Pope's wife had always regarded Eleanor as an intruder. There were mouths enough to fill without hers, and Josephine, whenever Pope's back was turned, took frequent occasion to show her dislike to the unfortunate orphan. Pope had now been absent ten days, and the supplies of the artist's mansion had dwindled considerably. Irritated by this, Josephine had for some little fault, become very angry with Eleanor, and after abusing her roundly, had put her and her clothes into the street. The wretched girl knew not what to do. Her only salvation, she thought, was to get where her "father" was. So, pawning

her clothes for just enough to pay her railway fare, she took the next train to the town where Pope and Jones were sojourning.

To Eleanor's answer Cox replied savagely, "You'll find your father if you come with me. I am going to him." The girl followed Cox and Aaron, in silence. As they walked along, Cox seemed to be working himself into a rage, saying frequently, "I will do it. I won't be victimized in this way. It's an outrage, and I won't stand it."

They soon reached the magistrate's office, and were ushered before him. There were several persons present besides Michael and Jones, and with one of these, at the moment Cox entered, Mr. Ryerson was engaged in conversation. The instant Eleanor saw Pope, she was unable to contain herself, but ran forward and embraced him, saying, "Father, father!"

"What! Nelly—dear little Nelly," cried Pope, kissing her again and again, with a loud smack, greatly to the astonishment of Mr. Ryerson, who considered such proceedings in his presence a gross disrespect.

Michael having finished his osculatory performances, turned to welcome Cox, whose sudden appearance, of course, surprised the artist. But, Cox was in no mood to be welcomed. The wrath he had been nursing during the walk from the hotel to the justice's, had become uncontrollable, and without paying any attention to Pope, he turned to Mr. Ryerson and said, "I believe, sir, you are a magistrate."

"I am, sir," was Ryerson's answer.

"Then I want to make a charge against this girl."

"Eleanor?" asked Pope, with wandering eyes. "What for?"

"For robbery!" answered Cox.

"Robbery," shrieked the girl, and fell motionless upon the floor.

"Ellen—Nell—if this be true; no, it isn't—and yet—oh, Heavens, if it should—" exclaimed Michael, and he turned a ghastly white, and his teeth chattered.

"She has robbed that gentleman," said Cox, pointing to Jones, "in whose service she was, of fifty dollars."

"She!" cried the astonished Jones, "not a single cent."

"Mr. Jones, you are not aware that the cash-box at the show has been opened—the money taken out—and, as you here perceive—the thief decamped from New York."

"Nelly, Nelly, speak, say it's a lie—tell me, one word—say, a lie, or my heart will break," and tears rolled down the cheeks of Michael. "You hear what he says, Nell?—he calls you thief! Is it true? Is it true?"

"No, father—as God looks down upon me, no!" and the poor girl put her hair from her eyes, wiped her tears, and turning her head to meet the glance of Cox, stood intent and erect to hear him.

Cox, though evidently affected by the situation of the girl, and somewhat staggered by the dignity with which she met the charge, stated that, as the friend of Mr. Jones, he had some interest in the property; that she took the receipts at the door and deposited them in the locked cash-box; that during Mr. Jones' absence, some alterations had been made, for which he had taken the money to pay, but the workmen not having completed their work, he had put what he had agreed to pay them in the cash-box until the work should be done; that this sum with the receipts taken by Eleanor, amounted to fifty dollars, and on going there the day before, he found the box broken open and its contents gone; that to the box Eleanor alone had free access. Before the theft was discovered, she had secretly left New York, and he had just found her at the hotel.

"And now, my little girl," said Ryerson, softened by her piteous wailing—"now, my little girl, what have you to say?"

"Oh Lord! oh Lord!" ejaculated Michael. "Now Nelly—dear Nelly!"

"I am innocent, sir," said Eleanor; "if I do not speak the truth, may I fall dead before you."

"But, why—why," asked the magistrate, "did you quit New York?"

Eleanor turned to answer. She was about to speak, when her eye fell upon Michael. If she told how she had been put out of the house by Josephine, she would cause pain to her "father," and in her struggle to save him from annoyance, she looked on the ground and said nothing.

"Then you positively charge this young creature with theft; you would have me send her to jail?" said the justice to Cox.

Eleanor clung to Michael, stifling her sobs; the tears poured down Michael's face; and Jones tried to cough down his rising emotion.

"What am I to do?" exclaimed the watery magistrate, in great perplexity, his sympathies fighting hard for the accused.

"There's some mistake—there must be some mistake," cried Pope. "Only let me get to New York—give me time, your worship, for the sake of my poor Nelly; an orphan, sir—a poor orphan—a thing without a friend in the world, except myself—a creature full of goodness—a helpless lamb, left in this hard world to—to—time, sir!" And Michael hugged the girl in his arms, and cried outright.

"If the charge is persisted in," said Ryerson, "I have but one course; however, we will have another examination to-morrow."

"And Nelly—you wouldn't put her in a jail till—I tell you, sir, you'd kill the dear child," cried Michael.

"What security can I have that she—"

"I'll be bound in all I'm worth, for her," said a fine young farmer present—"I will, indeed, your honor, for I'm sure she's innocent."

"Well—I—Mitchell, let your wife take care of her for to-night. Mind, I hold you answerable for her appearance to-morrow. I am afraid I'm straining a little—but really, she's so young; and if looks be anything—I—well, mind, you're answerable," said Ryerson to the constable.

"I tell you, I'll be answerable, your honor, to the last cent I have. Poor thing! there's black work somewhere," said the young farmer.

"There is—there is," cried Michael; "God bless you, sir, for your good thoughts of my poor Nelly." After a last embrace from Michael, the weeping Eleanor was led away by the constable. Cox, looking gloomy and dejected, retired with Aaron to their inn, informing Jones and Michael that he wished to give them audience there.

CHAPTER IX.

As Michael left the magistrate's office, he was accosted by the young farmer, who had offered to go Eleanor's bail. "Mr. Pope," he said, "pray, stay a minute. My name is Sandford. Mr. Ryerson has known me all my life. I want to know something about this girl. It seems she is not your daughter."

"Poor heart! no!" said Pope; "but I don't know if she isn't something dearer to me. Well, well; some of us are sent roughly enough into this world, and roughly enough some of us are handled."

"Excuse me, but did you know the parents of this girl? I do not ask from mere idle curiosity. She bears a wonderful likeness to

a lady whose portrait hangs in our parlor, and who was a dear friend of my mother, in her youth. This lady married an Englishman and went to live with him in England. She died there before her husband, but of him or her child or children—if they had any—we have never heard anything since her death."

"I knew Eleanor's father, poor fellow!" answered Michael. "You see, it was all on a matter of business, and I—but it is rather a secret. Poor heart! she couldn't help it, and I've never let her know."

"And why not?" asked Sandford.

"Because, sir, I think it would kill her. I'm sure she's such a gentle, high-minded thing, that she'd pine and waste away with the knowledge—she'd feel the shame in her blood, though not a heart in the whole world beats with better."

"Pray, tell me, sir," said Sandford, "whence she comes. I pledge my secrecy and my friend, Mr. Ryerson, will, I think, vouch for me. Who is she?"

"About thirteen years ago, I was sent to a man condemned to die. He had done that which perhaps deserved death; though for my part, I think death for him who dies hardly a punishment at all. What is it to be snugly put to bed out of all the trouble about us? No, sir; the punishment is upon the poor souls who stand broken-hearted at the grave, not upon him sleeping soundly at the bottom."

"But the girl—Eleanor?" asked the farmer.

"I tell you—I went to her father on business. He had been—they said, an honest man. Well, troubles fell like rain upon him; he was cheated, robbed where he had placed most confidence—he was turned out of house and home—lost his wife—took to loose company—fell from step to step—and, at last, in a night fray, a man was killed. Eleanor's father was—"

"A murderer!" exclaimed Sandford, with irrepressible horror. "The father of that girl—"

"Even so, sir; I shall never forget the first time I saw him. It was a beautiful summer's night, and he was seated on a bench in the courtyard. There were still the remains of better days in his face. He sat with his arms crossed, looking down upon a child—it was Eleanor—seated at his feet. She was about three years old—no more; and so beau-

tiful, so innocent; she looked, I may say, too lovely for earth! It was an awful thing to see that child in a place of felons—a little angel playing in the furnace! There sat the baby, at the feet of its dying father; and there, turning up its blessed little face to the murderer, it struck its toy—a doll given to it by the keeper's wife—against the fetters of the father, and smiled and laughed, and crowed at the ringing music. The sound went into my head like a sword—I was sick, and reeled again."

"And the wretched man?" said the young farmer, his lips trembling at the picture of the artist.

"He looked down upon the child, and the color of his face turned with the agony of his soul. For some time his lips moved, but I could hear no voice. At last I heard him say, 'Yes, Nelly, yes—they'll hang your father; and you will go to the workhouse—and you will be flung like a weed into the world—and you will grow beautiful as your own blessed mother; and you will be wronged, betrayed; and life will be to you a misery; and you'll curse the hour of your birth, you'll curse the father that begot you, and lie down in wretchedness and pray for death, and death will not find you. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! who will protect you?'"

"Poor wretch," cried Sandford, weeping.

"Well, sir, to shorten the story; that night little Nelly slept with my child. We've had three since then, and if sometimes their share of bread and butter has been less because divided among five, I think the little has done them as much good as if it had been more. And Nelly—a thief! Oh, Mr. Sandford!"

"And what," said Sandford, his eyes swimming with tears, "was the name of Nelly's father?"

"John Talbot, sir."

"John Talbot! why, that was the name of the man my mother's old friend married. Can Eleanor be her child?" asked the young farmer.

"As to that I know nothing. Only I am sure Nelly never took that money."

"So am I," said Sandford, "and we'll have right done her to-morrow."

And with this the two men separated, Michael taking his way to the hotel, where he explained the delay of Jones and himself in returning, entirely to Cox's satisfaction. But Cox saw that the poor artist was broken-hearted, and bitterly regretted having made

the complaint against Eleanor. "Let the worst come to the worst, Michael," said the man of the elixir, "I will not appear against her, and so she's sure to be acquitted."

"Acquitted in that way! no, no, no; as you have gone so far, as you have charged her before the whole world—before the world you shall try to prove it—and then, if you fail—the Lord forgive you, Mr. Cox, for your persecution of my poor orphan?" Michael was deaf to the remonstrances of his employer, and quitted the room supperless for bed.

"You can't sleep in your old room to-night, sir," said the chambermaid to Pope. "we shall have to put you in a double-bedded room." Pope was in no humor to contest a point which at ordinary times would have set his soul on fire; therefore, saying nothing, but drawing a heavy sigh, he followed the chambermaid to the double-bedded room. He retired immediately, but lay tossing to and fro—worn and sleepless. So he had lain some time, when Jones entered the room with a lighted candle in his hand. He had stopped on his way to bed to see if Michael was asleep.

"How do you think I could sleep?" said Pope.

"I thought you couldn't. But cheer up, man, it will all come right. They can't prove anything against the girl—that's one comfort."

"No matter for that; it's a blot upon her," said Michael.

"A blot or two doesn't make us black," replied Jones. "But what the deuce is that noise? Who's in the other bed?"

This bed had about it curtains which were closed. Jones took the candle and softly crossed the room; looked through the curtains; started back; set the candle down and extinguished it, then returning, whispered to Michael. "It's Aaron; now he's asleep, you can't think what a thief he looks like."

Michael left his bed, and with Jones went over to where Aaron was sleeping, and looked at him. The moon was shining into the room, and they could see his face distinctly. He was talking in his sleep. Thus his words ran:

"It's no use, Nelly—fight as you will, I will have you. Hang the key, it won't fit. Only fifty dollars—only fifty. Ha! ha! you may cry; who'll believe you?"

"Isaac," said Pope, "do you hear that—do you hear?" but Jones had left the room.

Michael was beside himself with rage. "I'll make him confess," he said, "or I'll dig it out of his throat with my nails." He pulled the curtains farther apart. Aaron's face was convulsed. His hands were fixed in the bed-clothes, like those of a drowning man. He was in a profuse perspiration. While thus contemplating Aaron, Michael heard the door open behind him, and saw Jones and Cox appear. The three stood looking at the sleeping man, who kept on talking aloud.

"You can't escape—you can't prove that I took the money. I'll swear you took it. They'll send you to prison, and then you'll wish, you jade, that you hadn't turned up your nose at me. But then, suppose they catch me. They'll put me in jail." And uttering a piercing shriek, he awoke.

"Have you heard enough?" asked Michael, exultingly, to Cox.

"Yes, yes," said the latter. "Dress yourself and come down stairs."

When Michael left the room, he found Cox waiting near the door, from the inside of which Cox took the key and locked it outside.

"Now!" said Cox, as they descended the stairs, "we have him secured. We'll go in the morning and make a complaint before the justice. Aaron's the thief, beyond a doubt."

As soon as Mr. Ryerson was at his office next morning, Jones made a complaint against Aaron. But when the warrant was handed to Mitchell to execute, he said, "I fear you're too late; I'm sure I saw the man leave town this morning by an early train."

The sharp-eyed constable was right. On coming to himself, Aaron, either smitten by com-

punction, or half conscious of the revealings of the past night, lowered himself from the window into the street, and made his escape. He was never heard of afterward. Eleanor was restored to the arms of Michael, well-nigh mad with joy at her deliverance, and wholly wild at being rid of the persecutions of Aaron. Further investigation left no doubt that Eleanor was the daughter of Mrs. Sandford's old friend, and in that lady's house the unfortunate orphan found a home. Two years afterward, she became the happy wife of the young farmer, remaining to this day in ignorance of the real fate of her father.

The business sagacity of Cox proved correct, and the new wax figure brought a curious crowd and many dollars to the show. But Pope was not satisfied. He conceived the idea that the United States was not a good field for an artist like him, and managed to scrape enough together to transport himself, his wife and children, back to the old country. Whether they have fared well or ill there, we do not know. Jones married Miss Saunders. It will be remembered that in his first interview he was seriously struck by her; he had the bruise for a week. After a trial, she wisely made up her mind that she was not fitted for the stage, and retired to the shades of private life. It may be worth while observing, that Jones did not discover her merits until after she had been left a small legacy by an uncle of hers—a tanner in Pennsylvania. With a portion of her legacy, they bought of Cox—not long before that worthy died in a fit of rage at being robbed by a servant, who was one of Aaron's successors—the figures of Pope. Adding thereto other attractions, Jones took the whole show to the West and thence to Australia, where, at latest accounts, he was making a rapid fortune as a "man of wax."

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

We go our ways in life too much alone;

We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;

Too often, we are deaf to sigh and moan;

Too often, to the weak and helpless blind;

Too often, where distress and want abide,

We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth, and worn

By footsteps passing idly all the day;

Where lie the bruised ones who faint and mourn,

Is seldom more than an untrodden way;

Our selfish hearts are for our feet the guide,

They lead us by upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour

Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;

To take the smitten, and the sick, and sore,

And bear them where a stream of blessing runs:

Instead, we look about—the way is wide,

And so we pass upon the other side.

Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,

Humanity is calling each and all,

In tender accents, born of grief and tears!

I pray you listen to the thrilling call!

You can not in your cold and selfish pride,

Pass guiltless by upon the other side.



"And brooks that glass in different strengths all colors in disorder."

AN ISLAND: A DREAM.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

My dream is of an island place
Which distant seas keep lonely;
A little island, on whose face
The stars are watchers only.
Those bright still stars! they need not seem
Brighter or stiller in my dream.

An island full of hills and dells,
All rumped and uneven
With green recesses, sudden swells,
And odorous valleys, driven
So deep and straight, that always there
The wind is cradled to soft air.

* * * * *

Trees, trees on all sides! they combine
Their plummy shades to throw;
Through whose clear fruit and blossom fine
Where'er the sun may go,
The ground beneath he deeply stains,
As passing through cathedral panes.

Wide-petalled plants, that boldly drink
The Amreeta of the sky;
Shut bells, that dull with rapture sink,
And lolling buds, half shy;
I cannot count them; but between,
Is room for grass and mosses green,

And brooks that glass in different strengths
All colors in disorder,
Or gathering up their silver lengths
Beside their winding border
Sleep, haunted through the slumber hidden,
By lillies white as dreams in Eden.

Nor think each orchard tree with each
Too closely interlaces,
To admit of vistas out of reach,
And broad moon-lighted places,
Upon whose sward the antlered deer
May view their double image clear.

* * * * *

And birds that live there in a crowd—
Horned owls, rapt nightingales,
Larks bold with heaven, and peacocks proud,
Self-sphered in those grand tails;
All creatures glad and safe, I deem:
No guns or springs in my dream!

The island's edges are a-wing
With trees that overbranch
The sea with song birds welcoming
The curlews to green change.
And doves from half closed lids espy
The red and purple fish go by.

One dove is answering in trust
 The water every minute,
 Thinking so soft a murmur must
 Have her mate's cooing in it;
 So softly does earth's beauty round
 Infuse itself in ocean's sound.

* * * * *

No sod in all that island doth
 Yawn open for the dead;
 No wind hath borne a traitor's oath;
 No earth a mourner's tread;
 We cannot say by stream or shade,
 "I suffered *here*—was *here* betrayed."

* * * * *

There fancies shall their plumage catch
 From fairest island birds,
 Whose eggs let young ones out at hatch,
 Born singing! then our words
 Unconsciously shall take the dyes
 Of these prodigious fantasies. *

Yea, soon no consonant unsmooth
 Our smile turned lips shall reach;
 Sounds sweet as Hellas spake in youth
 Shall glide into our speech—
 (What music, certes, can you find
 As soft as voices which are kind?)

And often by the joy without
 And in us, overcome,
 We through our musing shall let float
 Such poems—sitting dumb,—
 As Pindar might have writ, if he
 Had tended sheep in Arcady.

* * * * *

Choose me the cave most worthy choice
 To make a place for prayer;
 And I will choose a praying voice
 To pour our spirits there.
 How silently the echoes run—
Thy will be done,—Thy will be done.

Gently yet strangely uttered words!—
 They lift me from my dream,
 The island fadeth with its swards
 That did no more than seem!
 The streams are dry, no sun could find—
 The fruits are fallen, without wind.

So oft the doing of God's will
 Our foolish wills undoeth!
 And yet what idle dream breaks ill,
 Which morning light subdueth;
 And who would murmur or misdoubt,
 When God's great sunrise finds him out?



"The island's edges are a-wing with trees that overbranch the sea."
 VOL. I.—No. 3.—15.

WHERE ARE THE MISSING MEN?

WHEN in the time of peace, the roll of a military company is called each morning, the officer who calls the roll is usually able to ascertain in the course of the day the cause of the absence of those who do not answer to their names. It does not take long to find out whether those who thus fail to respond are sick or have deserted, and before the sun has reached the meridian, the muster-roll will account for every man upon it. But very different is frequently the state of things in time of war. The troops are on the march, or encamped in an enemy's country. Perhaps the gun that at dawn wakes the soldier from his slumbers, is the signal for a battle to begin at once, or begun the day before. Brief time is there for looking up those who speak not when their names are uttered. They have been shot, it may be, at the picket where they watched the night before, or lie weltering in their blood on the field of yesterday's encounter, or with craven hearts have stolen away, leaving their comrades to bear the hardships of the march, or the brunt of the coming contest. From their silence nothing in particular can be inferred, save that they are not present. They are put upon the roll as "missing," and in the course of a long campaign, where large forces are employed, the number of missing men is enormous. Some of them are discovered to be prisoners, or in hospital, or mayhap in their graves. But there is a large remainder, of whom no trace is ever found.

A state of things somewhat similar appears to exist among the Odd Fellows. They also are engaged in a battle, in which blows have to be given and received, and which many of them find a hard conflict indeed. For is not life to all of us a battle?

The alarm—the struggle—the relief—
Then sleep we side by side.

And in the contest there are not a few of whom nothing can be recorded, save that they are missing. In every society and state of life these unfortunates are many. But

how many it is not always possible to tell. In the case of the Odd Fellows, the records enable us to calculate with tolerable accuracy the sum of those who have gone—no one knows whither. And the figures furnish food for grave reflection. These figures have been well summarized by an acute writer in the *Triple Link*, and his careful estimates can safely be relied on.

It appears that on the 30th of September, 1880, the total membership of the Order in the United States was 3,036. From that time until the close of 1880 the initiations were 1,175,050. The losses, during the same time, were, by death, 90,940; by expulsion, 94,701. Of course in speaking of the loss by death, members suspended or expelled are not included. In 1879 the Sovereign Grand Lodge made an effort to ascertain the number of suspended members of the Order, and according to information obtained from the various jurisdictions the year following, there were then 158,099 suspended members. From these figures we get the following results:

Membership, 1880.....	3,036
Initiated from 1880 to 1880.....	1,175,050
Total initiated up to 1880.....	1,178,086
Deduct deaths from 1880	
to 1880.....	90,940
Expulsions for same period..	94,701
Suspensions " " "	158,099
Should have been in membership in 1880	894,346
Reported actual membership in 1880..	450,588
Not accounted for.....	383,758

Of these 383,758, it may be assumed that twenty per cent. are dead. That is a larger percentage of deaths than is usual with the Odd Fellows. Twenty per cent. amounts to 76,751, which leaves 207,007 living men, who were once Odd Fellows, but of whom no account can be given, save that they are missing. Where they lurk, and why they left the Order can be conjectured only. Some it may be supposed, found the dues a burden, and ceasing to pay them, quietly dropped off. Others, for some reason, may have found

Odd Fellowship no longer interesting, and abandoned it for associations which suited better their whims or tastes. Still others have changed their residence to localities where no lodge exists. And a few, it is to be feared, have become, by the ruin of their characters, unfit for mixing with respectable men.

But whatever course conjecture may take, the stern fact remains, that there are now living about 200,000 men—that is to say, nearly 40 per cent. of the 550,000 who at present stand on the rolls as Odd Fellows, who were formerly recognized as worthy Odd Fellows, but who have now no connection with the Order.

There are important lessons taught by these figures. But we do not propose to examine now what such lessons may be. In regard to this there may reasonably be a difference of opinion. Different minds will reason differently, and observers will draw various conclusions, according to their standpoint. On the one side it may be urged, that this vast number of missing is simply a weeding out, which rids the Order of a multitude which would be either an incubus, or in many ways undesirable. On the other side it may be claimed, with some show of reason, that there must be not a few among these 200,000 whom it would be well to retain, who have not been retained by reason of some defect in the working of Odd Fellowship, and that there must be something radically wrong in the constitution of an Order, in which so many fall by the way. It is a matter which requires the largest experience, the most matured thought. No hasty deduction can hope to solve so difficult a problem.

Whether it is most advantageous to hold on to the old members, or to obtain new ones, it is unnecessary to discuss. There is no question here of having to choose between the two. On such a question much might be said on both sides. The veteran has what it is impossible for the new recruit to have, intimate acquaintance with the spirit and workings of the Order, an established character with his fellow-members, and a conservatism which has no little use in keeping the Order in well-tried paths. The new member brings with him enthusiasm, activity and a desire to distinguish himself—a sentiment which when kept within due bounds is a potent factor in the constant progress of Odd Fellowship. Ambition has been defined

as “the sin by which the angels fell.” But such a definition is an arrant falsehood. To advance one’s self by methods which are strictly honorable, is to advance others as well.

While admitting all the gain to Odd Fellowship from the infusion of new blood, the utility of preserving as much as possible of the old blood should not be overlooked. And that utility must have been clearly apparent to the Sovereign Grand Lodge, when, a few years ago, it adopted a uniform law, facilitating the reinstatement of suspended members, and especially those who have been out of the Order for a period of more than one year. The good effects of this law have already been perceived, and by reason of it, many a missing man has found his way back to the ranks, and is demonstrating by his faithful service what a good soldier would have been lost to the army of Odd Fellowship, if he had not returned.

Yet but a small portion of those who come within the purview of this law, have so far availed of it. There are thousands besides, whom the provisions of this statute fit exactly, and who give no sign of heeding it at all. If the law is wide enough to cover all necessary cases—and it is believed to be—its only partial efficiency is a strong argument to show how much more important it is to keep Odd Fellows at their posts, than to try to devise means to bring them back when they have strayed away. Deserters there must and always will be; but men desert for some reason, and to find out that reason and to put as far away as may be everything that may fairly be an excuse for deserters, is the part of wisdom.

On one point, then, there can hardly be a doubt. To make an effort to get back the missing men may not be fruitful. To reduce greatly the proportion of missing men in the future, is something for which no effort can be too great. To trace those who answer not at roll-call cannot be very difficult, if only the tracing is set about in time. How to keep track of them without an impertinent inquiry into their private affairs, may require some ingenuity in devising a plan. But can ingenuity be better employed? And by some proper plan, we are confident that in no long time, it will be seldom that the soldier who stands in the ranks of Odd Fellowship, will fail, when his name is called, to answer, “Here.”

The Societies.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Proclamation by the Grand Sire.

SOVEREIGN GRAND LODGE,
INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS,
OFFICE OF GRAND SIRE,

To all whom these presents shall come, Greeting :

WHEREAS, The Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows has ordained that the 20th day of April shall be set apart as a day of general thanksgiving throughout our vast jurisdiction, and

WHEREAS, It seems eminently right and proper that the birthday of our Order should be appropriately observed in a spirit of thanksgiving for the many years of continued favor and protection vouchsafed to Odd Fellowship by a merciful Providence, and for the blessings of peace and prosperity enjoyed by the membership everywhere at the present time :

Therefore, I, Erie J. Leech, Grand Sire of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, by virtue of authority conferred upon me by law, do hereby enjoin upon all Grand and Subordinate Bodies under this jurisdiction to take order for the due and proper observance of the sixty-fourth anniversary of Odd Fellowship in America, on the 20th day of April, 1883, by setting apart that day for thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for his wonderful mercies to our Order and to our individual membership.

Done at the city of Baltimore, State of Maryland, this first day of February, 1883, and of our Order the sixty-fourth.

[SEAL]

ERIE J. LEECH,
Grand Sire.

THEO. A. ROSS, Gr. Sec.

Alabama.

The returns for the election of officers of the Grand Lodge, were canvassed on Jan. 15th, and the following declared elected :

L. R. MCKEE, Selma, Master.
D. G. LAXSON, New Market, Deputy Master.
R. A. MOSELY, Jr., Talladega, Warden.
W. A. SHIELDS, Mobile, Secretary.
R. H. ISBELL, Talladega, Treasurer.
O. J. SEMMES, Mobile, Rep. to Sov'n Gr. Lodge.

Illinois.

—First Swedish Lodge No. 479, of Chicago, celebrated its eleventh anniversary on Feb. 21st, by conferring the degree of Rebekah on twenty applicants, of whom eleven were ladies.

KNUT NELSON, N. G.

—Roseville Lodge No. 537, of Roseville, Warren county, a town with 800 inhabitants, has a membership of 38. The lodge is out of debt, and has \$200 in the treasury.

C. S. CALVIN, N. G.

D. A. WOODWARD, V. G.

J. S. HARTLEY, Secretary.

D. A. WOODWARD, Treasurer.

—Vermont Lodge of Vermont, Fulton county, was chartered more than thirty years ago. It has 52 members and is in a prosperous condition, having \$1,500 in the treasury.

The officers are :

S. F. HOOPES, N. G.

WILLIAM J. MOORE, V. G.

ROBERT FELTON, Secretary.

H. S. JACOBS, Secretary.

THOMAS NELSON, Per. Secretary.

In the same town is Harmony (Rebekah Degree) Lodge No. 53, instituted more than ten years ago, with a membership of 60.

—Olive Branch Lodge No. 15, of Canton, Fulton county, has existed nearly thirty-seven years. It is the owner of a building worth \$6,000, and has \$2,100 invested funds. The outfit in its lodge-room is valued at \$1,000. The officers are :

S. H. ARMSTRONG, N. G.

CHARLES WHITNEY, V. G.

JAMES ATWOOD, Secretary.

S. D. SARILL, Recording Secretary.

J. N. OLDS, Treasurer.

—Farmington Lodge No. 44, of Farmington, Fulton county, was instituted in November, 1848. Its hall is the largest and most commodious in that part of the State. It has been called upon to pay the funeral expenses of but five members in nineteen years.

—Elmwood Lodge No. 102, of Elmwood, Peoria county, has a membership of 97, mostly young men, active, intelligent and

enthusiastic. They have \$1,000 in the treasury. The town, containing 1,500 inhabitants, has large coal interests, and the Elmwood Paper Mill, employing forty hands, and running day and night. The officers of the lodge are:

F. P. TRACY, N. G.
D. D. MENDENHALL, V. G.
M. J. CAVERLEY, Secretary.
W. L. REGAN, Permanent Secretary.
P. C. JAY, Treasurer.

—Maquon Lodge No. 256, of Maquon, Knox county, has 47 members. It owns a half interest in the hall in which it meets. It was instituted nearly twenty-five years ago. The officers are:

S. W. LOVE, N. G.
JOSEPH ANDERSON, V. G.
C. A. WALKER, Secretary.
WILLIAM SWIGART, Secretary.

—Yates City Lodge, No. 370, of Yates City, Knox county, has 60 members, who own their own hall, and have \$500 in the treasury. The officers are:

T. J. KIGHTSINGER, N. G.
J. STANTON, V. G.
T. WESTFALL, Secretary.
HENRY SOLWELL, Treasurer.
J. W. WOOD, Financial Secretary.

Iowa.

—Key City Lodge No. 180, met at Dubuque on the evening of February 28th, and conferred the degree of Rebekah on four ladies.

—Cedar Falls Lodge No. 71, of Cedar Falls, installed in January, the following officers:

M. E. HUFFMAN, N. G.
ARLIN AYERS, V. G.
A. W. WARREN, Recording Secretary.
H. CROWE, Per. Secretary.
J. McNELLY, Treasurer.

—Triumph Lodge No. 393, of Dakota, had its officers installed by D. D. G. M., J. W. Roper, in January. They are:

M. A. BENTON, N. G.
W. L. CHAUVET, V. G.
G. L. HINDS, Secretary.
B. CHAUVET, Treasurer.

Louisiana.

A recent visitor to New Orleans, who was born and spent his early life in that city, but who had not been there for many years before, reports Odd Fellowship as far from extensive in the capital of Louisiana. He is inclined to think that the little interest taken

in the Order is due to the gayety of the city. There is, according to him, a constant stream of entertainments and festivities of various kinds, and these absorb so much time and attention, that the advantages of Odd Fellowship are quite overlooked.

Maine.

A new Odd Fellows' Temple, for the joint use of Cumberland Lodge and Mt. Pleasant Encampment, has just been completed in Bridgeton, and was opened with appropriate services, and a large number of members, on January 31st. The building, which is described as beautiful and commodious, is fifty feet by thirty-eight. The lodge, instituted August 4, 1845, began with 13 members and has now 279.

Maryland.

—Columbia Lodge No. 3, of Baltimore, has elected the following officers:

WILLIAM LUDLOFF, N. G.
H. C. VICKERS, V. G.
WILLIAM G. MCCLURE, Recording Secretary.
JOHN A. THOMPSON, Per. Secretary.
B. S. FULDA, Treasurer.

—Vansant Lodge No. 119, of Baltimore, has had the following officers installed:

ISRAEL PRICE, Jr., N. G.
S. LEHMAN, V. G.
J. MAXWELL, Recording Secretary.
Y. LIEB, Permanent Secretary.
Y. GAMBLE, Treasurer.

—Schiller Encampment of Baltimore, has elected the following officers:

HENRY BAHUSEN, C. P.
F. RITTENHOFF, H. P.
P. LEPPERT, S. W.
W. KAUFMAN, J. W.
JOHN SCHMUCK, Treasurer.
GEORGE P. REINHART, Scribe.

—Sharon Encampment of Baltimore has elected the following officers:

J. FULLER BROWNLEY, C. P.
BENJAMIN MERCHANT, H. P.
GEORGE J. HERMAN, S. W.
EDGAR R. LYON, Recording Scribe.
WM. A. ZIMMERMAN, Financial Scribe.
B. F. ZIMMERMAN, Treasurer.

Massachusetts.

The semi-annual session of the Grand Lodge was held at Odd Fellows' Hall, Boston, on the 1st inst. A large representation was present. The Order was reported flourishing, five new lodges having been instituted,

and one Rebekah lodge. The membership is 27,482, being an increase of 505. Four new halls have been dedicated. A subordinate and a Rebekah charter were granted, and amendments to the constitution adopted. The receipts for the six months of the 164 lodges were \$109,802.26. There was paid out for sick benefits, \$17,224.52; for widowed families, \$3,021.08; for burials, \$6,091; charitable purposes, \$3,882.91. There are thirteen mutual benefit associations, comprising a membership of 11,534; 149 deaths occurred during the year, on account of which \$116,691 was paid out, making a total of \$602,980.50, since the first organization.

Michigan.

The Grand Lodge held its annual session at the city of Flint, on February 20th.

The total membership of the lodges on December 31, 1882.....	15,963
Being an increase during the year of.....	1,091
Total expenditures for relief, etc., during 1882.....	\$65,805 65
Total receipts.....	100,215 99

The following Grand Officers were elected :

HARRISON SOULE, Jackson, Master.
 LAWRENCE N. BURKE, Kalamazoo, Dep. Master
 B. F. ROUNDS, Benton Harbor, Warden.
 EDWIN H. WHITNEY, Lansing, Secretary.
 BENJAMIN D. PRITCHARD, Allegan, Treasurer.
 GEO. W. WESTERMAN, Adrian, Representative.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Detroit, in February, 1884.

Missouri.

An admirable arrangement has existed in St. Louis for twenty years. There has been appointed by all the lodges in the city a Joint Employment Committee, which receives applications from Odd Fellows in want of employment in various associations. The members of the Committee take pains to seek places for all applicants. This excellent plan has, besides other merits, that of economy, since it puts Odd Fellows in the way of earning their bread, and thus doubtless saves many a one from the destitution which invites disease, and in that way makes the destitute person a charge on lodges for relief. Especially judicious is this contrivance for aiding Odd Fellows on their first coming to the city, in the hope of bettering their condition and finding work.

Montana.

At Billings, a town which a few months ago had scarcely any population, but which has now about 1,200 inhabitants, and is expected to contain about 5,000, a lodge is about to be instituted.

Nebraska.

The printed report of the annual session of the Grand Lodge, held at Fremont, on Oct. 18, 1882, has but just been received. The vigorous growth of the Order in that State must be a subject of gratification to every Odd Fellow. There had been a numerical increase of nearly 600 members during the year, and eleven lodges had been added during the same period. This made the result, in October, 1882 :

Lodges.....	90
Members.....	4,092
Receipts of subordinate lodges for the year ending June 30, 1882.....	\$49,018 41
Relief during this period.....	2,978 68
Other expenses.....	20,724 41
Leaving in the treasury of the various lodges.....	25,365 06
Rebekah Degree Lodges.....	19

Noteworthy in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge is the care with which the report of subordinate lodges are scrutinized. A committee, which had minutely examined each report, pointed out with precision the errors in point of form, or the matters which in each seemed to require explanation. This close supervision of reports of subordinate lodges must have the best result, Semi-annual returns are a feature worthy of imitation everywhere, and enable the Grand Master to watch intelligently all the lodges within his jurisdiction. In Nebraska, too, is an abundance of District Deputy Grand Masters—57 for the 99 lodges—and it is doubtless to their unceasing and intelligent attention is due, in part, the prosperity of the Order in that State.

The present Grand Officers are :

W. N. CURTIS, Pawnee City, Master.
 H. J. HUDSON, Columbus, Deputy Master.
 WILLIAM BLAKELY, Beatrice, Warden.
 D. A. CLINE, Lincoln, Secretary.
 SAM. MCCLAY, Lincoln, Treasurer.
 DANIEL J. WHEELER, Rep. to Sov'n Gr. Lodge.
 T. J. STALEY, " " "

New Hampshire.

—Webster Lodge No. 24, of Goffstown, is composed of earnest men deeply impressed with the value of the principles of the Order,

as is shown by the fact that members think nothing of coming a distance of eight miles, after a hard day's work, to attend meetings.

New Jersey.

Bordentown Lodge No. 16, and Mystic Lodge No. 46, both of Bordentown, had recently a grand installation of officers. Those of Lodge No. 16 are :

GEORGE L. ROBBINS, N. G.
WILLIAM H. ALSTON, V. G.
THERON VANATTA, Recording Secretary.
JOSEPH B. TAYLOR, Financial Secretary.
GEORGE M. CARSLAKE, Treasurer.

The officers of Lodge No. 46 are :

WILLIAM B. BUNTING, JR., N. G.
HARRY BOILIEU, V. G.
JOSEPH LAWSON, Recording Secretary.
FRANK B. KEELER, Financial Secretary.
SAMUEL N. ROCKHILL, Treasurer.

Leni Lenape Lodge, No. 40, of Lambertville, celebrated its fortieth anniversary on January 9th. Six only of its charter members are living.

New York.

The Grand Encampment met in the city of New York, on February 7th. The report of the Grand Scribe shows :

Members.....	5,420
Increase during the past year.....	384
Total receipts for " ".....	\$25,981
Total relief during " ".....	11,300

The report of the Grand Patriarch discussed several matters of importance. One of these was the question of Uniformed Degree Camps. He said :

"The Sovereign Grand Lodge at its last session, in obedience to the wishes of a large body of Encampment members throughout the entire jurisdiction of the Order, adopted a degree for the use and benefit of Uniformed Patriarchs. It will, therefore, devolve upon this Grand Encampment to adopt such rules and regulations as will promptly put this degree in successful operation in this State. By the action of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, the several Grand Encampments are authorized and empowered to institute Uniformed Degree Camps at such places within their respective jurisdictions as they may deem proper. I did not feel at liberty to call the Grand Officers together, to act upon several petitions for Uniformed Degree Camps, which I received shortly after the action of the Sovereign Grand Lodge in regard to the degree was made known, as fully explained in a general circular which I issued.

"I now have the pleasure of submitting these petitions for Uniformed Degree Camps to the Grand Encampment, and recommend that on complying with such rules and regulations as you may adopt, that charters be granted to the respective applicants in the order in which they were received by the Grand Scribe. They are as follows :

Lacy,	at	Albany,	Oct. 5, 1882.
Brooklyn,	"	Brooklyn,	" 7 "
Buffalo,	"	Buffalo,	" 10 "
Rochester,	"	Rochester,	" 13 "
Hiller,	"	Cohoes,	" 19 "
Ridgely,	"	Watertown,	Nov. 16 "
Queen City,	"	Elmira,	" 17 "

"I have received reports from a number of the Uniformed Companies of Patriarchs having regular organizations in various sections of the State. There are some fifteen or twenty of these companies, with an aggregate membership of five hundred. The permanency of these companies will be greatly strengthened by adopting the organization provided for them by the Sovereign Grand Lodge, and coming under the fostering care of this Grand Encampment. The organization may be made an instrument of much good to the Order, and its interests therefore should be carefully looked after by you."

Upon these suggestions a special committee on the subject of Uniformed Degree Camps was appointed, with E. Whitlock as chairman, who reported in favor of the granting of charters to the new camps. On a vote being taken the report was adopted—203 ayes, 31 nays. The price of the charter, including three rituals, was decided at \$10. It was also decided that all applications for charters should take the same course as for subordinate encampment charters. Propositions for membership in Degree Camps are to be decided in accordance with those made in subordinate encampments—namely, one black ball to reject. Fees for Degree Camps may be regulated by local legislation, and trials will be conducted in the same way as in Subordinate Encampments. Reports of work done must be rendered once a year to the Grand Scribe. Each of the judicial districts of the State shall constitute a district for the Uniformed Camp branch. Eddy's tactics are suggested as the required rules in all Degree Camps.

Representatives Sanders, Whitlock and E. Jacobs were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and to report at the next session.

In addition to the Degree Camps mentioned

in the Grand Patriarch's report, charters were granted to Troy No. 8, Utica No. 9, and New York No. 10. The Albany Patriarchs were refused the name of "Lacy," and ordered to select another. The Legislative Committee submitted a report prescribing a uniform blank for application for membership, to be used in every Encampment in the State, which every applicant shall sign before his admittance, pledging himself to abide by the laws of his Encampment, so that in case of suit by the Patriarch, the Encampment may be fully able to prove the contract between it and the Brother.

The report and resolution were adopted.

Important, too, are these suggestions of the Grand Patriarch :

"The office of District Deputy Grand Patriarch should be filled by those who could advise with Subordinates in all matters, instructing them in the ritualistic as well as the secret work. Subordinates are often too careless in their recommendations, as upon them must the Grand Patriarch rely for the selection of his Deputies. But some such have, in the experience of every Grand Patriarch, often proven to have been Patriarchs who were not only unable and disinclined to perform thoroughly their duties, but in some cases were so totally ignorant of official obligations and common courtesy, as to neglect to answer communications addressed to them. I believe much of the success of our Encampments depends upon the ability and zeal of the respective District Deputies, and I would urge greater care in the future."

The following officers were elected :

JOHN G. DEUBERT, Gr. Patriarch.
MILES UPTON, Gr. High Priest.
E. H. VAN DOORN, Gr. Sen. Warden.
JACOB DITCHER, Gr. Jun. Warden.
JAMES TERWILLIGER, Gr. Scribe.
GEORGE SMITH, Gr. Treasurer.
S. B. JACOBS, Gr. Representative S. G. L.

Gr. Treasurer elect Geo. Smith not being present, and no excuse offering for his absence, a vacancy was declared, and Mr. J. C. Aitken elected in his place.

The next meeting of the Grand Encampment will be held at Binghamton.

Ohio.

The result of the official count of votes cast for Grand Officers is :

S. T. A. VAN SELVER, Norwalk, Master.
C. L. YOUNG, Columbus, Deputy Master.
WILLIAM GRAY, Akron, Warden.
WILLIAM CHIDSEY, Cincinnati, Secretary.
GEO. D. WINCHELL, Cincinnati, Treasurer.
E. K. WILCOX, Cleveland, Representative.

The count declared the high esteem in which are held Treasurer Winchell and Secretary Chidsey. The former received 4,687 votes ; the latter, 4,110 votes. The next largest vote was for Mr. Selver, who received 2,727 votes for the Grand Mastership.

In Columbus the Order is in a vigorous condition, there being on December 31, 1882 :

Lodges.....	9
Members.....	2,188
Encampments.....	3
Patriarchs.....	933

There is a General Relief Committee, composed of one member from each lodge in Columbus, elected every six months. This Committee is charged with looking after all transient members of the Order who need assistance, providing them with nurses and medical attendants, and paying their weekly benefits. During the six months ending Dec. 31, 1879, the amount expended by the Committee for the relief of distressed transient Odd Fellows was \$786.50.

Ontario.

By the courtesy of Grand Secretary J. B. King, we have a copy of his semi-annual report. By this report it appears that the jurisdiction had on December 31, 1882 :

Lodges.....	202
Members.....	13,857
Being a net gain during 1882 of.....	775

Noteworthy are the following :

Net gain during first half of the yr.	673
" " " last " "	102
Total relief for 1882.....	\$34,340 42
Total expenditures for 1882.....	42,038 45
Average cost for the year to each member.....	3 03
Total funds of lodges.....	455,848 85
Being an increase during 1882 of....	44,715 50

The following pregnant paragraph in the report has an application to every jurisdiction :

"During the year 1,071 brothers were suspended for non-payment of dues ; and during the same period 1,955 were initiated, and but 181 reinstated. It is not fair to suppose that if the same efforts were put forth to retain the members who have been suspended, as would seem to have been done to secure new members, that the results would

have been more nearly equal? It is equally fair to suppose that if all the business of the lodges had been conducted in the careful and systematic way provided by our laws, that the respect and esteem of most of these suspended brothers would have been retained, and most of them kept allies and co-workers in our great brotherhood."

Quebec.

The annual session of the Grand Lodge was held at Cowansville, on February 20th. The report showed the same number of lodges as a year ago.

Lodges	13
Number of active members.....	764
Being an increase of.....	29
Total relief during 1882.....	\$1,493 36
Total receipts by subordinate lodges.	5,709 93

Texas.

The forty-third annual session of the Grand Lodge began at Austin, on Monday, February 5th, and lasted until the Friday following. The Order in this State is growing and prosperous. Seven new lodges had been organized, and several old ones revived during the year. The G. M. had received communications as to spreading the Order in Mexico. Three lodges had been burned out, and two had lost their lodges by cyclones during 1882. Two Rebekah lodges had been organized. The present number of

Lodges, about.....	165
Members, about	6,000
The Grand Lodge has, in cash and real estate, about	\$35,000

A report from the Committee on Judiciary recommending to abolish the prefixes "Right Worthy" and "Most Worthy," was adopted.

The following officers for 1883, were installed:

A. M. DECHMAN, Gr. Master.
D. M. LEMMAN, San Antonio, Dep. Gr. Master.
I. T. WALTON, Waco, Gr. Warden.
T. L. WREN, Gr. Secretary.
T. M. JOSEPH, Gr. Treasurer.
I. C. STAFFORD, Gr. Representative.
M. D. HERRING, " "

The next session of the Grand Lodge is to be held at Fort Worth, the first Monday in February, 1884.

The 31st session of the Grand Encampment was held at the same time and place as the session of the Grand Lodge.

Encampments.	95
Membership, about.....	1,300

The following officers for 1883, were installed:

J. J. SEE, Waco, Patriarch.
J. S. RAMSEY, San Antonio, High Priest.
W. J. W. KERR, Corsicana, Senior Warden.
L. F. DE LESDERNIER, Houston, Scribe.
THOMAS M. JOSEPH, Galveston, Treasurer.
S. B. STRONG, Houston, Warden,
J. A. HAYNIE, Waco, Representative.
FRED CARLETON, Austin, " "

Texas wants the Sovereign Grand Lodge to meet in that State in 1884.

Vermont.

The annual session of the Grand Lodge was held at Bennington, on February 7th. By the report of Gr. Secretary Currier, it appears that there are in the State:

Lodges.....	29
An increase during the year of.....	3
Members.....	1,736
An increase during the year of.....	89
Rebekah Degree Lodges.....	4
Receipts for the year ending Dec. 31, 1882.....	\$19,619 98
Total relief for same time.....	1,785 85

A committee was appointed to prepare and publish an edition of 300 volumes of a history of Odd Fellowship in Vermont. The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Rutland.

The annual session of the Grand Encampment was held at Bennington, on February 6th. The reports showed:

Camps.....	10
Patriarchs	520
Being an increase during the year of.....	91

IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.

The count for Great Chiefs of the Great Camp of this Order, in Ohio, was concluded at Cincinnati, on Tuesday, February 13th. The following were elected:

H. M. INNES, Columbus, Sachem.
C. H. HESTER, Van Wert, Senior Sagamore.
J. VAN NOSTRAM, Wooster, Junior Sagamore.
THOMAS J. IRWIN, Martin's Ferry, Prophet.
L. S. LA ROSA, Dayton, Chief of Record.
B. SCHLESINGER, Xenia, Keeper of Wampum.
CHARLES E. SAUSSER, Lebanon, Representative to Great Council of the United States.

Recent Literature.

At intervals, more or less regular, the State Department, at Washington, takes occasion to remind some foreign power of the existence of the Monroe Doctrine, and thereupon the newspapers of the country, if no more pressing topic rules the hour, fill columns with an exposition of the nature and importance of that Doctrine. It is a little remarkable that while so many words have been lavished upon a principle to which has been given the name of Monroe, so little is ever said about Monroe himself. His four predecessors in the office of President—Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison—as well as his immediate successor, John Quincy Adams, have been much bewritten. The incidents of their lives have had careful commemoration, and the papers of the first four have been collected and printed in a convenient form. But of Monroe there has been until now no adequate memoir, and his name seems to have been preserved from partial oblivion, solely by being linked to the famous principle of which he was, if not the originator, the direct and unhesitating expounder. Yet the man who has thus become in a measure forgotten, is worthy of all honor. Of the seventy-three years of his life, somewhat more than fifty are associated with some of the chief political events in our history. "He served with gallantry in the army of the Revolution, and was high in office during the progress of the contest with Great Britain and during the Seminole war; he was a delegate and a Senator in Congress; he was called to the chief legislative and executive stations in Virginia; he represented the United States in France, Spain and England; he was a prominent agent in the purchase of Louisiana and Florida; he was a member of Madison's Cabinet, and directed (for awhile simultaneously) the departments of State and War; he was twice chosen President, the second time with an almost unanimous vote of the electoral college; his administration is known as the 'era of good feeling.'" This is certainly a brilliant record

for any man, and Mr. Daniel C. Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins University, has done a good service by a just-published work on *James Monroe*,* one of the series of "American Statesmen," edited by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr. Mr. Gilman does not attempt to give in detail the personal and domestic history of Monroe—although in that respect the book is sufficiently full to satisfy all reasonable curiosity—but has rather undertaken to show how Monroe bore himself in the legislative, diplomatic and administrative positions to which he was called, and what influence he exerted upon the progress of this country. This undertaking must have cost no little labor, since it has been necessary to search for the requisite data in numerous public documents, and in the unsorted files of unpublished correspondence. But the author has not shrunk from any toil, and within the space allowed him has given a remarkably complete account of the services Monroe rendered to the land which gave him birth. Mr. Gilman sets in a clear light Monroe's first mission to France, which has been much misunderstood, and which at the time roused against him so much partisan feeling that it caused an irritation of his spirit which, like the bullet he received at Trenton, he carried with him to the end of his life. The fact is, the first time he was sent to France he had a position far from agreeable. He arrived in Paris just after the fall of Robespierre. Not another civilized nation had a recognized representative in France at that time, and the Committee of Public Safety hesitated about receiving Monroe. When at last he was received, he made to the Convention an address which provoked severe animadversions from his government. In a short time he was treated with coolness by the French govern-

* *James Monroe in His Relations to the Public Service during Half a Century, 1776 to 1826.* By Daniel C. Gilman, President of the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. *American Statesmen.* 12vo. pp. 287. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. \$1.25.

ment, and after no long period recalled. The truth seems to be, that Monroe did as well as anyone could have done in a situation which, toward the close of his life, he described as "the most difficult and painful he had ever experienced." It was during Monroe's first administration was enacted, after a long and violent controversy, the famous Missouri Compromise, which for more than thirty years made a truce between the North and South. And during the same period the Floridas were purchased, and thus the control of the entire Atlantic and Gulf seaboard, from the St. Croix to the Sabine, secured to the United States. During his second administration, Monroe had the good fortune to welcome to this country his old friend and comrade, Lafayette, after an absence of fifty years. In a chapter on the Monroe Doctrine, Mr. Gilman traces with more or less thoroughness the origin and growth of that Doctrine, which seems to have been an idea entertained—dimly at first—by the fathers of the Republic, but steadily developed by the course of public events and the reflection of men in public life, until it was clearly and definitely laid down by Monroe in his message to Congress in December, 1823. In this message he pronounced not only an opinion then prevalent, but a tradition of other days which had been gradually expanded. Charles Sumner was wont to say, that the "Monroe Doctrine proceeded from Canning." But this was not the only occasion on which Sumner was altogether mistaken. For sometime before his death, Monroe resided with his daughter in New York, and died here in 1831, drawing his last breath, like Jefferson and John Adams, on the Fourth of July. Years afterward, his body was removed to Richmond, Virginia. He was by no means a brilliant man, yet two shrewd observers have declared him to have possessed qualities more enviable than the most brilliant talents. Thomas H. Benton wrote of Monroe, that "he had a discretion which seldom committed a mistake; an integrity that always looked to the public good; a firmness of will which carried him resolutely to his object; a diligence which mastered every subject, and a perseverance which yielded to no obstacle or reverse." But finer still was Jefferson's estimate, who said: "Monroe was so honest that if you turned his soul inside out, there would not be a spot on it." President Gilman has given us a very compact, lucid and interesting

work, in which Monroe is weighed with judicial impartiality, and his merits set in a clear light. An appendix contains some instructive matter. And specially welcome is a bibliography of Monroe and the Monroe Doctrine and a full index. The book, like all its predecessors in the series, is made in a manner worthy of the high reputation of its publishers, and if the remaining volumes of the set are as well done as those already issued, their possessors will have something worthy of careful perusal and preservation.

A good deal of ink has been spilt in trying to explain the object of erecting the Pyramid of Cheops. For more than two thousand years people have been writing about this mighty structure, and their ideas have differed greatly. One man has been sure that it was built for a tomb. A second has been equally confident that it was used as an observatory. While a third considers it, beyond question, that it was meant for a temple. The last word about this interesting riddle is far from being spoken, and Mr. Richard Proctor, in a volume bearing the title, *The Great Pyramid*,* has started a new theory which he argues with a good deal of force. His idea is that the Pyramid was erected for astrological purposes. It is certain that in the time of Cheops, there was a firm belief that astrologers could not only read, but rule the stars. By ruling was meant that by observation and study they could show how the best advantage could be taken of the good dispositions of the stars, and how their evil influences could be avoided. If Cheops firmly believed this, and it is probable he did, he would not have been likely to consider any expense too great to erect a structure which would aid his astrologers in keeping watch upon what had so great an influence over his life and happiness. The grave objections to his theory Mr. Proctor does not ignore, but meets candidly. He concedes that, even admitting the correctness of the astrological theory, it remains amazing that any man, no matter how rich and powerful, should lavish so much on such a chimerical purpose. His ingenious book is well worth reading.

Brief mention was made a month ago of a book of which the merits deserve ampler re-

*The Great Pyramid. By Richard A. Proctor. New York. R. Worthington. 1883.

cognition. It is one of the many attractions of Professor Lounsbury's *Cooper*,* that the subject of the work is weighed with a justness and delicacy worthy of all praise. That a man may be a thorough gentleman and yet make people whom he is striving to paint as gentlemen models of ill-breeding, seems to shallow thinkers an absurdity. But Prof. Lounsbury is none of these. He says, speaking of Cooper's evident inability to portray the higher types of character: "This was largely due to his inability to catch and reproduce the tone of polished conversation. He could appreciate such conversation; he could bear a part in it, but he could not represent it. His characters taken from low life, whatever critics may say, have usually a marked individuality. But whenever Cooper sought to draw the men and women of cultivated society, he achieved at the best a doubtful success." Cooper, in the later years of his life, was with all those who did not know him personally, one of the most unpopular men in the United States. His contests with newspapers caused them to magnify his faults, and do their best to set him in an unfavorable light. But no one can rise from the perusal of Prof. Lounsbury's work without being convinced that if these contests sprang from Cooper's serious faults of temper and judgment, he yet, in these very contests, demonstrated the possession of qualities which it would be well for our country to have oftener visible. His quarrels were the outcome of the fearlessness and truthfulness of his nature. And every just thinking man will welcome such virtues, even though they be allied with a hot and hasty temper. The descendants of Cooper cannot but be gratified to see it made plain, that while his literary productions are worthy of, and quite sure to have long life, the man was superior to the author. "With other authors one feels that the man is inferior to his work. With him it is the very reverse. America has had, among her representatives of the irritable race of writers, many who have shown far more ability to get on pleasantly with their fellows than Cooper. She has had several gifted with higher spiritual insight than he; with broader and juster views than he; with

finer ideals of literary art, and above all, with far greater delicacy of taste. But she counts on the scanty roll of her men of letters the name of no one who acted from purer patriotism or loftier principle. She finds among them all no manlier nature, and no more heroic soul." And with this extract we advise every one to make acquaintance as soon as may be with the Professor's agreeable and instructive work.

There are few pleasanter companions than old men who have seen and heard much and who while retaining their memory are able to tell well what they remember. Such a companion was Josiah Quincy, who for more than half a century was conspicuous in the social and political life of Massachusetts. A few years before his death he wrote for a newspaper his reminiscences of men and things during his long life, and these papers have just been collected in book form with the title of *Recollections*.* There are in it excellent and well-told anecdotes of many distinguished persons, and some of them appear in a ludicrous light. We have been a little surprised at some things told about Lafayette, who here appears with much more vivacity of intellect than we had given him credit for. Of several amusing stories about him, the following is one of the best. Lafayette, while visiting this country in 1825, on being presented to some old soldiers, was heard to ask the leader of the group if he were married. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, Lafayette responded with most tender emphasis, "Ah, happy man!" To the person who was next presented the same question was put, but here the reply was, "No, sir; I am a bachelor." "Oh, you lucky dog!" whispered the questioner, with a roguish twinkle in his eye. These apparently inconsistent remarks were overheard by a bystander, who taxed Lafayette with insincerity in bestowing equal congratulations in such widely different circumstances. "Is it possible," said the General, turning promptly upon his critic, "that you value the prerogative of humanity so little as not to know that the felicity of a happy man is a thousand times greater than that of a lucky dog?"

*James Fenimore Cooper. By Thomas R. Lounsbury, Professor of English in the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale College. *American Men of Letters*. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. \$1.25.

*Figures of the Past. From the leaves of Old Journals. By Josiah Quincy (Class of 1821, Harvard College). Boston. Roberts Bros. 1883.

Town Talk.

THE recent birth in New York of a humorous paper, which by its sly thrusts and bright paragraphs is making a name for itself, has evoked memories of its numerous predecessors, which have gone, glimmering through the dreams of things that were. Short life has hitherto been usually the rule with these dispensers of good things, which send a ray of sunshine into the murky atmosphere of toil and drive dull care away. Indeed, in this country there has been, of the many periodicals that have undertaken to observe life solely from a humorous point of view, but one which has attained a vigorous growth. That one it is hardly necessary to name, for *Puck* is now famous round the world, and has become not only an inexhaustible source of exhilaration and amusement, but, by its sharp though good-natured satire, the terror of shams and frauds and hypocrites. Wit, like gold, has an intrinsic value in all civilized countries; but when translated, it is not always receivable for a laugh. In this respect French wit is more cosmopolitan, because it is the most sententious. Irish wit, like Paddy himself, is quickly naturalized, but always smacks of the soil. English wit is heavy, insular, and not readily assimilated. An Englishman reads *Punch*, as he eats his dinner, solemnly and in courses. *Figaro*, to a Frenchman, is the *hors d'œuvre* of his feast. It is neither victuals nor drink, but comes between grace and wine, and stimulates rather than repletes the mind. German wit is often muddy, like German beer. It is the broad comic of Rabelais—with Doré's illustrations—sometimes uncouth, but always droll. It is to its Parisian counterpart what a voweled, full-chested laugh is to a smile or a twinkle of an eye. With these people laughter is only an accessory of life. It is in the United States that the joke rises to the dignity of an institution, with its professors and schools, its primers and formulas. What country besides ours, boasts of its professional humorists? Here every State, and

some of the Territories, have their graduated wits, each with scores of disciples and imitators. In the last decade, the number of these laugh-compellers has increased astonishingly. Wit has come to have a mercantile value, like beans or bananas. From this state of things has resulted what has been aptly termed the algebraic style of humor. The youthful aspirant for such honors cultivates his native sense of humor, his capacity to evolve a joke, as the embryo tenor cultivates his voice. In order to appreciate what a great gulf is fixed between the old and the new style, it is only necessary to take up Burton's *Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor*. In what imperishable amber has that genial comedian preserved the flies that tickled the fancy of a former generation. It is a pleasure to turn over the large pages, although it is like going into the cellars of some old Italian church, where they store mediæval skulls, with perpetual grins on their classic fronts. Burton's *Cyclopedia* contains the skeleton of many an extinct laugh, and there is a good deal of quiet fun besides in the part devoted to American wit and humor. "Alas, poor Yorick!" One always pities the wit of any country after he is dead, as we pity the great singer whose voice is only heard in echoes, after the last changes have been rung upon it at the funeral. How are his best things marred in the telling, altered to fit any window of circumstance, or worse than all, attributed to his rivals by *raconteurs* of short memory! There was John Phoenix. Thirty years ago his name was a spell for laughter, the synonym of a smile. Now you will only hear his jests robbed of their cunning, and bandied about on the lips of clowns. None so poor as to do him reverence. "So shall it be with Cæsar." The greatest must at last go to bed with a shovel, and let none think to escape oblivion by reason of making many merry jests. Immortality cannot be bought with an epigram, albeit that sometimes gives the only reason for the continued remembrance

of some inspired dullard. Artemas Ward was our first professional humorist. It is doubtful if the last of the numerous race will be so much admired by his contemporaries as that short-lived genius. Another generation may outgrow him, but it will be a poor and priggish generation, and one to which all wise men will be ashamed to belong. It was the unexpected that always happened in the climaxes of Artemas Ward, and this constitutes their claim to be remembered. For surprise is the touchstone of wit. The humor of Josh Billings, which, as every one knows, has been for him a kind of philosopher's stone, transmuting ordinary writing paper into four per cents is of a different character. It is only half native to this country. Its inspiration is imported from French literature. It has the voice of a Parisian, and the hand of a Yankee. Here are the epigrams of Rochefoucauld and Alfred de Musset anglicised and brought down to the common people. We must except the mule. There is nothing of the Boulevard about him. He is an original conception. He has the bray of inspiration, and will go down to posterity side by side with the jumping frog of Mark Twain. The humor of Mark Twain is *sui generis* in its earliest examples. It has had a host of imitators, but no equals. An article might be written upon it under the title, "Exaggeration as a Fine Art." He is our Prince of Prevaricators, although he himself would be apt to scout such a euphemistic phrase. He revels in the bluntest Anglo-Saxon, and would probably say that the best name for his inventions is the homely one, "lies," and his most appropriate title that of "liar." Indeed, if there could be such a thing as an extinct lie, and Mark Twain were furnished with the hollow of its tooth—never mind the tooth itself, true science needs no such adventitious aid—he would construct in the shortest possible time a perfect skeleton of that lie, with every joint and articulation complete. This is more than talent, it is genius. Coming now to journalistic humor, pure and simple, we find it taking many complex and subtle forms. As many papers, almost as many wits. Now and then one comes to the surface unexpectedly, and the name of his organ soon becomes a household word. A paragraph is the diminutive of a jest. It is the joke reduced to its lowest terms. It is what the tack is to the nail, the toothpick to the tongs, the flea to the grasshopper. A witty

paragrapher is better than a standing advertisement for his paper. Among the papers not exclusively humorous, which have their staff wit, may be mentioned the *Burlington Hawkeye*, *Texas Siftings*, the *Danbury News*, the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Norristown Herald*, the *Laramie Boomerang*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, *Peck's Sun*, the *New York Times*, and the *Denver and Chicago Tribune*. Each of these names carries with it a different humorous suggestion. The editor of the *Burlington Hawkeye* is a modern Democritus, or laughing philosopher. His imaginary conversations on the rail are a movable feast of good things. Nothing escapes his eye, from the unquenchable curiosity of a child to the malignant irascibility of the bald-headed man and the idioms of the railroad officials. The *Danbury News* man is a witty chronicler of small beer; a runaway horse, a hen in the road, a yellow dog, a mother-in-law, and the tragedy is rounded with a laugh. Going West, the formulas are even more simple. In Chicago the "horsey" editor pads his humor with pathos. The result is a *melange* in a given number of lines, the ingredients being fustian, big feet, a plate of cream, an oyster stew or a sealskin saque. When you reach Denver, wit is taught in primers and parodies of fables, and so on to the Pacific slope, where the slang of the mines and the out-croppings of a rude civilization furnish an inexhaustible quarry for racy humorists like Bill Nye and the successors of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. In the South, the eccentricities of negro character have been cleverly developed in the person of Uncle Remus, whose aphorisms and "folklore" are as familiar to the reading public as Mrs. Partington's speeches were two decades ago. Who has not reveled in the broad fun of Peck's "Bad Boy." The *Milwaukee Sun* wit makes no pretense to style, but what a getting down stairs; what a scurrying of odd people over the stage—the bad boy at the top! We laugh, without knowing why. It would be invidious to speak of humorists nearer home. The "comic liar" of the *New York Times* needs no bush. His wit is "wine on the lees, well refined." And Spoopendyke, of the *Brooklyn Eagle*—are not his combats with collar-buttons, his fire-alarms and his curtain lectures to his amiable spouse sold on every news-stand, and the missile of every train-boy from Maine to Oregon?

Salmagundi.

THE OLDEST ORDER.

You may talk of your mythical Hiram of Tyre,
Of rites Eleusinian boastingly bellow,
The first-born of woman we claim as our sire,
For the land that he went to made Cain a
Nod-fellow. F. J. O.

Among the bores who, for some inscrutable reason, are let loose on an unoffending world, is the arithmetical "fiend." His calculations, employed on all sorts of subjects, generally prove nothing save that he is a person of very narrow understanding. It is not every day that one of these nuisances gets so nicely "sat down on," as an old fellow named White, who lived in Lowell a generation ago, and who, by reason of his wealth, was generally treated with more respect than he deserved. He was a man of a stern, close nature and altogether unlovely disposition, whose distinguishing peculiarity was his fondness for sitting down with paper and pencil whenever he got an idea and figuring the thing out in its minutest details. One day another gentleman of equal prominence at the time, dropped into his office, and was not surprised to find the old man at work over some scheme in arithmetic. White turned on hearing the door close. "Oh," said he, "I've been thinking over the extravagance we see every day in the funerals of the poorer classes. It's all wrong. See here; I've got it figured out, so much for this, so much for that, so much for the grave; just look at it. A laboring man can't afford to have a death in his family, at that figure." "Yes, I know," responded the other, "but when you die, you will have the most expensive funeral in Lowell." "Why, how's that?" exclaimed White, flushing with pleasure. "Because," was the reply, "they'll have to hire the mourners."

The irreverent, it is necessary sadly to acknowledge, find pleasure in making fun of the clergy. But sadder still it is, that sometimes clergymen seem to derive satisfaction

from making fun of one another. In a college town, two ministers, old Dr. A. and the Rev. Edward B., were discussing pulpit methods.

"I always write my sermons," said the young divine.

"In that case," said the Doctor, "I should think you would be at a loss when you have to preach an extemporaneous sermon. Now, your father, Edward, never wrote his sermons."

After some argument it was decided to try each other's powers at an extemporaneous discourse the following Sunday. The young man was to preach in the morning on a text assigned by the Doctor, who was to preach in turn in the evening from a text given him by the Rev. Edward. Neither was to look at his slip containing the text until just before sermon time came. After the second hymn was sung, Edward rose in the pulpit and looked at the slip of paper which the Doctor had given him. What was his surprise to find that his text, upon which he must deliver a half-hour's discourse, ran as follows: "And the Lord spake through the mouth of an ass." There was no help for it. He must plunge into his subject at once. So he began to expatiate on the different mediums through which the Creator spoke to His people, and succeeded in making a very creditable sermon out of it. The old Doctor was delighted with his scheme and Edward's treatment of such a difficult text. Evening came. Old Dr. A. gave out a hymn, made a long prayer, read a second hymn, and as its last notes died away, took out his slip of paper and looked at his text, according to agreement. There was a long pause. The congregation grew fidgety. The choir looked at each other askance. What was the matter with the minister? Why this expression of bewilderment? Finally, Dr. A. rose slowly, fingered the hymn-book nervously, cleared his throat, and stammered out, "My hearers, the text follows that of the morning. You will find it in the 22d chapter

of Numbers and 32d verse—"Am not I thine ass!" There was a perceptible snicker through the congregation. The good Doctor grew red in the face, wiped his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, and catching Edward's eye, said to him in an audible "aside"—"Edward, I think I am!"

None of the collections of Longfellow's works contain his first poem, which we are told, ran thus:

When a small boy he was given a composition to write. His teacher knew that he was not fond of the task, and said that he might take any subject he chose. "I can't do it," protested the boy. I don't know anything to write. Oh, dear, I wish there wasn't any such thing as a composition!" After school he betook himself in no very amiable mood to a shady spot behind his father's barn, where, musing over his hard lot, his idle glance fell on a turnip-bed near by. The next day his teacher was startled by receiving from the lad the following touching effusion:

MR. FINNEY'S TURNIP.

Mr. Finney had a turnip,
And it grew, and it grew,
And it grew behind the barn;
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,
Till it could grow no taller;
Then Mr. Finney took it up
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,
Till it began to rot;
When his daughter Susie washed it,
And put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,
As long as she was able;
Then his daughter Lizzie took it,
And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife
Then sat down to sup;
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up!

After all, the boy Longfellow showed more sense in employing his doggerel on a topic which he knew something of, than older verse-makers have shown in "building the lofty rhyme" about a subject of which they knew nothing. For instance, how can bachelor poets have the presumption to express their sentiments about married life in general, and the "beau sexe" in particular? Yet the bachelor Virgil does not hesitate to charge

women with being "always" inconstant and changeable. And another bachelor, Robert Herrick, speaks of wives in a way which no married man will admit to be true—except, perhaps, in the strictest confidence to his most intimate friend.

Some would know
Why I soe
Long still doe tarry;
And ask why
Here that I
Live, and not marry.
These I those
Doe oppose.
What man would be here
Slave to thrall—
If at all
He could live
Free here?

And it was doubtless some disappointed bachelor, who, a century or so ago, dipped his pen in his own gall, and wrote this libelous epigram:

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,
Old Adam called her wo-man;
But when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced her woo-man.
But now, with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming;
The women are so full of whims,
That men pronounce them wimmen.

Strange to say, there are in the clerical profession some bashful men, and one of these got himself into an uncommonly tight place. Being called to preach in a strange church, he rose in the pulpit, not without a little trepidation, to give out the hymn, "This world is all a fleeting show." After clearing his throat, he struck a suitable pitch of voice and began solemnly,

"This world is all a fleeting shoe."

Everybody smiled except the deacons and the minister, who was covered with confusion. He began again—

"This world is all a shouting flow."

This only made matters worse, and the unhappy man cleared his throat with tremendous force, and began once more:

"This world is all a floating she."

Then he slammed the hymn-book down, and wiping his clammy brow, said:

"Brethren, for some reason, I cannot read that hymn as it should be read. We will omit it, and the choir will please sing the grand old lines beginning,

"Just as I am, without one flea."